

Bella Sara™



Peregrine and the Crystal Carriage

Star in your own magical adventure!

*Bella
Sara™*



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Peregrine and the Crystal Carriage

by Mandy Archer



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“Break-time!” grins Marella, sticking her head over the stable door. “Come and grab a drink before you melt in the heat!”

Patch nuzzles you softly with his velvety nose. The cute little piebald pony is only a hand taller than you, but he’s got a big personality. You sneak Patch his favourite mint, then reassure him that you’ll be back soon.

As you trail after Marella to the volunteers’ room, horses pop their heads out to say hello. Shetlands, Welsh ponies and even retired racehorses, bob and whinny, keenly following you with their eyes.

You’ve only been helping at the animal rescue centre for a few weeks, but each one already feels like an old friend.

“There’s so much to do before the Midsummer barn dance tonight!” gasps Marella, pulling a crunched-up list out of her pocket. “We’ll need to make sure all the animals have plenty of extra water.”

The volunteers’ room is the last place you want to be on such a hot June Saturday. The small converted tack room is crammed to the rafters! Inside a swarm of girls are pushing and jostling around the noticeboard, fighting to scribble their names on a piece of paper.

“I’m going to need at least two hours to get ready,” announces a raven-haired girl in a loud

voice. It's Tasha, a volunteer from the small pets area and the leader of the pack. Her steely blue eyes and dark curls bestow her with a striking natural beauty that instantly turns heads – and she knows it.

“Put me down for walking the dogs,” chips in her friend Jemma. “That way I should be done and outta here by four.”

Jemma turns to see you and Marella.

“Two hours to wash your face?” chuckles Marella, running a hand through her scruffy blonde hair. “It's only a barn dance!”

Tasha gives Marella a haughty look that makes you tingle with irritation. The centre manager does look a bit scruffy in her ripped dungarees and vest top, but what does that matter? Her priority is looking after the animals in the rescue centre – from the stray kittens that are dumped outside in cardboard boxes to the unwanted ponies that rich families lead up to the front door every new year.

Jemma pulls a scribbled sheet of paper off the noticeboard and hands it to Marella. “We've finished the rota,” she says, smiling sweetly.

As Marella works her way through the list, you can't help but notice that the other girls have gone suspiciously quiet. You clasp the amber locket that you have worn ever since you can remember, anxiously waiting to hear who you're going to be teamed up with. The golden teardrop stone glows gently at your neck, sending sunbeam shadows pirouetting around the room.

“OK, Caroline and Melinda are organising food for the small pets,” she begins. “Tasha and Lucy are finishing off the guinea pigs and hamsters...”

As their names are read out, the girls pair up and dash out the door. Some can't help but snigger as they grab their sunhats and barge past.

Finally Marella turns to you, confused. “There must be a mix-up here – only your name is down for the stables. It'll take hours on your own to get everyone fed and watered.”

Now you know why Tasha and her friends were in such a rush. Secretly however, you can't help bubbling with excitement. Spending time on your own with Patch isn't work, it's the best fun in the world. The companionship that you share with all horses and ponies is intense and very special. It's almost as if the animals are talking to you in their own magical whispers, creating unspoken messages that dance on the wind before tiptoeing into your mind.

When you offer to take on the stables, Marella looks relieved. She's got a hundred and one jobs to do herself before the party starts. “Thank you,” she smiles gratefully. “I'll call your folks and let them know.”

If you decide to start mucking out Patch's stable, turn to 26.

If you think it's better to bring the other ponies in first, go to 17.



After the dazzling cosmic lights of the Auroborus, it takes a few moments for you to adjust your eyes when you land beneath the dappled canopy of a leafy forest. You let Patch rest for a moment or two in a glade of sweet-smelling white flowers.

"This is the Jasmine Forest," says Sara in a hushed tone. "Welcome to North of North."

You walk towards a leafy trail on the right, turning in your saddle to take in the beauty of your surroundings. The forest is heady with the scent of jasmine and dense with cathedral-like trees that throw curious shadows on to the ground.

As you gaze at the silhouettes as they pass across the mossy forest floor, you marvel at how impressive Patch's shadow has become. You reach down to stroke his neck and then pull back, startled. Somehow the pony has morphed into a handsome jet black stallion! His glossy body moves with ease, a powerful beast peppered with stunning clusters of sparkling stars.

Sara shows no surprise. "Now that he has returned to North of North, Patch can assume his true form. His real name is Starchaser."

"Patch was my best friend," you sigh, feeling nervous to be in such an unfamiliar place.

At that instant an irresistible image of you standing in a pretty meadow floats into your head. Starchaser walks up beside you, nibbling gently at your shoulder. You know at once that he has sent you a

telepathic message as a sign of friendship. You haven't lost Patch, he has simply grown stronger and more noble.

"Starchaser will always be your friend and protector," reassures Sara.

"What's that?" you ask a few moments later.

You point to a wooden structure up ahead. Together you trot up to a jasmine-bordered path that leads to a quaint estate house.

Sara explains that the building is called Roseshire Manor and was made especially for horses. Lord Beran and Lady Rosebriar live here.

When Bella stamps her feet and shakes her mane, you feel another message creep into your mind's eye. You have to agree with the stunning white mare – this does indeed seem a strange place to start your quest.

**If you decide to turn back, convinced that Targrin can't be hiding here, go to 52.
If you decide to approach to the Lord and Lady, go to 83.**



You find a quiet corner of the yard then crouch down to take a closer look at your amber chain. You've had the locket since you were a baby, but it has never glowed with such brightness and inner warmth.

You unclasp the pendant and hold it in your palm. You gasp as the amber seems to grow and cover your entire hand!

Suddenly the stone mists and then clears to reveal a series of pictures. You hardly dare breathe, captivated by the scene emerging before your eyes.

The amber chills icy cold, revealing an image of an old man. His face is gnarled – twisted with such hatred you can hardly bear to look at him. By his side is a small leaping creature, tethered with an iron collar.

“What is it?” you ask out loud.

Sara steps forward from the shadows.

“That man is Targrin,” she explains. “The wicked genie next to him is a djinn – a spirit called Piggo, eternally bound to fulfil his evil commands.”

“A genie?” you ask. “They don't exist, do they?”

Sara's sweet face pales. “They do in North of North – the kingdom that I call home.”

Your friend looks sad when she tells you that Targrin and Piggo have captured a winged stallion called Peregrine. She touches the amber with her fingertips and the golden stone clears once more. Now you are gazing down at a handsome silver steed, streaking across the evening sky.

“He’s so... beautiful,” you gasp, awed by the animal’s majesty.

“You are the keeper of the Drasilmare amber,” replies Sara. “Only you can set him free.”

Your tummy churns. You feel confused and bewildered, but deep inside you know there is only one option.

“I am ready,” you say bravely. “With Patch beside me, I’ll do whatever it takes to help Peregrine and your people.”

If you decide to stay and see more in the amber, go to 58.

If you choose to tack up Patch and ride out in search of Sara’s world, go to 81.

You have no idea of your destination, but you know that you must ride as fast as you can. You mount Starchaser and then gallop down a lonely trail leading away from Trails End and Whitemantle Mountain.

As you tear through the countryside, Starchaser shows you a power and determination you have never seen before. His sleek muscles work their hardest, mile after mile. All the way you have just one image in your head – the picture of Peregrine running through the sunlight of a summer evening. With just hours to go before midnight, the vision drives you on ever faster.

“Quicker, Starchaser!” you cry in desperation, scouring the countryside for signs of Targrin’s underground lair.

Eventually you pass an old ruin – an ivy-covered temple just off the dirt track. Starchaser needs to rest as he is already panting with exhaustion. As you dismount, you can’t stop yourself from sighing with disappointment.

Suddenly an Ivy-tailed Dragon catches your eye, a green lizard darting left and right across the ground. It scuttles past Starchaser’s hooves before disappearing into the black nothingness of a deep well.

“Let’s follow it,” you suggest to the horse. “We might at least be able to get ourselves a drink of water.”

You peer over the edge of the well, searching for the bucket and chain. There aren’t any. Just as you are about to give up on refreshments, you spot two little

silvery lights glinting from the murky depths below.
Your heart swells with renewed hope.
“Something’s down there Starchaser,” you cry.
“We’ve got to check it out!”

**If you decide to hold your amber pendant
over the darkness, go to 19.
If you think it’s better to call down the well,
go to 53.**

“This way Starchaser,” you whisper, leading the stallion to a smaller track that winds off in the other direction.

As you pick your way along the lonely trail your pendant glows, convincing you that you’ve made the right decision. At times the path gets so narrow it is difficult for Starchaser. Even when his hooves slip, sending showers of rubble over the mountain edge, the horse continues steadily forward.

After some time the path finally opens out, revealing pristine snowfields. You stray on to the brilliant white drifts, until Starchaser nudges you back with his nose.

The horse sends you an image of a crevasse and the potential for danger makes you shiver.

“Good thinking, friend,” you reply gratefully.

“Who knows what lies underneath all this snow?”

Suddenly the snowfield echoes with the sound of barking and a deep bellowing voice. Before you can seek a hiding place, an enormous sledge glides round the corner. A pack of little white dogs are harnessed to the front. Each dog has enormous fluffy ears that flap up and down like wings!

“That sledge was flying, wasn’t it?” you gasp, as a large man hops out and bounds over to you.

“Yes indeed, miss!” booms the man. “It’s pulled by a dozen Flapuppies, best dogs for the job!”

Another dog leaps off the sledge, its tail glowing as brightly as the moon.

“That’s Nightlight, my glowball pooch!” he says.

“And while we’re making introductions, I’m Professor Winston Snowshire.”

The Professor’s bright red moustache blows in the wind. Seeing how cold you are, he invites you to take a seat on the warm sledge.

He nods knowingly after hearing your story. Having lived in the Glacier for years, Snowshire is no stranger to Targrin’s capacity for trouble.

“I’ve not seen him in these parts,” he frowns. “I’d be surprised if any of the ice people from round here have either.”

“Didn’t their ancestors carve the Crystal Carriage?” you ask.

The Professor nods. “So they say. No one knows where they found such stunning quartz. Today their carvings are made from snow and ice.”

If you decide to try to find the ice people of the Glacier, go to 37.

If you think it’s better to head out of the snowfields, go to 61.



You summon all your courage and then follow Ivy down the steps, into the blackness below. Starchaser loyally walks behind you. The silver stars and comets dotted over his body sparkle defiantly in the darkness.

Finally the steps finish and you find yourself in a dark underground corridor. Your heart beats with anxiety – could Targrin's lair be close?

You pick up your pace, taking the lead from Ivy. You can barely see beyond your hand. You pull your pendant out from underneath your top and use its amber glow to illuminate the path.

You soon realise that the ruin has a labyrinth of corridors beneath. You trudge for what seems like miles. The paths divide, sub-divide and then cross over in a confusing network of tunnels. "Where now?" you wonder.

You have reached a crossroads. To your left you can see a small wrought-iron door and to your right the tunnel opens out into a corridor lit by burning torches.

**If you decide to try to open the door,
go to 16.**

**If you choose to turn down the torch-lit
corridor, go to 24.**

In the marketplace you are intoxicated by the thousands of sights, sounds and smells all vying for your attention. You step towards a strange creature, thinking it might be a genie. Instead it is a friendly Twinkle Imp, the magical companion to a travelling cobbler. Behind the creature however, you see the sign you've been looking for – Patchwork Books.

You ask Starchaser to wait in a side stable next to a draft horse named Fitzgerald, then head indoors.

“Here at last!” cries a voice, followed by a loud hand-clap.

You step past rows and rows of leather-bound books, until a little old man pops out, grinning from ear to ear.

After you've explained why you're here, the librarian opens a rare history book. The pages are full of beautiful illustrations of the Crystal Carriage, describing the rare power of its quartz gems.

Iverson suggests that the quartz mine inside Whitemantle Glacier might lead you a step further in your quest. He also shows you a picture of Jewel, one of the original great horses, pledged to help those protecting treasures.

If you decide to head out to the Glacier, go to 5.

If you think it's best to stay on and show the amber to Iverson, go to 89.



You think of Sara and follow your instinct. You reach for Starchaser's bridle and then lead him gently down the right hand tunnel. The corridor is as pitch black, forcing you to grope your way along the damp wall.

After a while two twinkling lights appear in the distance. As you get closer, the floor begins to splash with water.

"It's our new friend!" you whisper, reaching out to stroke the Gemdigger dog.

The affectionate creature winds itself around your legs, making a breeze with its waggy tail. When you continue to walk, the puppy's jewelled claws cast minute lights on the water.

All of a sudden the Gemdigger dog begins to growl, then he goes suddenly silent.

"What is it?" you ask, clinging on to Starchaser's neck.

You tiptoe round a corner and then the corridor opens out into a large chamber. You hold back at once, pushing the stallion back into the shadows. It's when you peep out for a second look that you see Piggo dancing and spitting in front of a fireplace in the centre of the room.

**If you decide to spy on the genie, go to 45.
If you are brave enough to creep even
closer, go to 63.**

Starchaser picks his way along the trail, his ears pointing to the horizon. He walks north for so many hours you lose all track of time – for some periods you sleep, resting your head on his soft mane. You follow the setting sun until all you can see are the stars dancing across the stallion's body.

Although you miss Sara and Bella more than anything in the world, you feel thrilled and honoured by the importance of your adventure. Sara may have gone, but her wisdom and shared love of horses lingers in your heart.

The path ahead of you has been steadily climbing for many miles. At last you find yourself stepping through the loose shingle and rough terrain of the mountains. The summits above glisten with snow and you suddenly feel cold.

After many arduous miles, you set up camp at the side of the track. There is nothing to eat, but you find shelter leaning into the side of your beloved Starchaser.

That night you dream – a rare vision that shows how you fit into this curious world and the travesty that has befallen it. You also hear Sara's words echo in your ears. Sara shows you how a curious caperberry hob once plucked Targrin's amber out of his divination stick and presented it to his best friend, the young foal Starchaser. Sensing its power for both good and evil, the magical creatures realised that the amber must be taken far away from Targrin's lair. Just before they could escape, Piggo plucked the caperberry hob up by the tail, dangling him upside

down. 'The poor thing just had time to toss the stone to Starchaser, who galloped away with all his might. 'The young horse didn't know where to flee, so he left North of North – flying high over the Sea of Lights towards Earth.

As you toss and turn on the mountain pass, you dream of a battle, high above the stars of the human world. Piggo almost captured Starchaser in this duel, but in the last bitter struggle the amber was dropped, falling down into a baby's nursery. It became a sudden and unexpected gift for you. As Piggo spat and cursed on her retreat, Sara commanded Starchaser remain on Earth as your secret protector and friend.

You wake up with a jump, rocked by the revelations in your dream. Even though it is not yet dawn, your mind is too troubled to sleep any more.

**If you decide to wake Starchaser, go to 47.
If you decide to pull out the amber pendant and ask for a sign, go to 28.**

You gently spur Patch forwards, cantering in the direction of the setting sun. The pace quickens until he is galloping faster than he ever has before.

In an instant the piebald's feet have left the ground and you find yourselves blazing a trail across the sky! You feel Patch's body strain and then magically transform into a sleek black stallion, studded with comets and stars.

"Are we flying?" you cry, as you climb higher and higher. "What is happening to Patch?"

"Even though you have only been helping at the animal centre a few weeks, Patch has known you almost your entire life," explains Sara. "His true name is Starchaser."

You feel the power and grace of Patch's new form galloping beneath you, his glossy coat as silky as oil. The name suits him perfectly.

"Where are we going?" you ask, having to shout over the deafening rush of wind.

"Bella is leading us across the Sea of Lights to North of North," replies Sara. "That's Starchaser's home."

Together you crest the sky, moving into a realm swirling with dazzling coloured lights. Sara explains that the people of North of North call this dimension the Auroborus. It is breathtakingly beautiful, almost too much to take in. Sara tells you that Starchaser is wind-walking – a special ability granted by Bella to allow you both to journey across the stunning, whirling starscape beneath you.

As you ride, Sara tells you more about your quest.

“Starchaser is your protector, charged with keeping both you and your amber pendant away from Targrin’s clutches. Targrin was once a good man – a landowner from the township of Canter Hollow. His heart turned bitter when he was cheated by a beautiful shepherdess called Petra. An evil wolf rider, Ivenna, helped him wreak a terrible revenge on Petra, transforming her into the djinn Piggo. Since that day Targrin vowed never to share his wealth with another soul. He stole a chunk of amber from a sacred tree called Drasilmare, using its power to stockpile a vast bounty of treasures. The amber would still be in his keeping now if it wasn’t for the bravery of Starchaser and his caperberry hob playmate.”

“I’ve never heard of such a thing,” you whisper.

Sara smiles. “There are many magical friends in North of North. Caperberry hobs are nimble, fairy-like creatures – you will meet one soon enough.”

“Now that I have the amber, how does Targrin wield his power?” you ask.

“He has been exiled for many years,” answers Sara, “but I believe he has plans to use Peregrine and the Crystal Carriage for his own advantage.”

If you think that the moment has come to descend through the Auroborus, go to 74.
If you decide to gallop on until Starchaster grows tired, go to 38.

“Still hard at it?” a voice sneers. “You’d better get a move on if you want to make the Midsummer barn dance.”

You look up to see Tasha, dressed up and ready for the party. She is wearing a cute denim dress with little tasselled ankle boots and a checked shirt. As the prima donna struts around the stable, you realise that she’s probably splashed out more on this designer outfit than you’d spend on clothes in a whole year.

Tasha steps closer so that you can hear her whisper under her breath: “Not that you’ll be missed.”

You reach for your pitchfork and start mucking out Patch’s bedding, determined not to get into a fight. The loyal pony whinnies protectively at your side, stamping his feet whenever Tasha gets too close.

“What do you want?” you finally ask, as your rival’s face breaks into another smirk. “I really have got lots to do.”

Tasha nods, her black curls tumbling around her face.

“You’re right,” she smiles sweetly, “I’ll leave you to it.”

Just before she darts out of the door, Tasha gives Patch’s feed bucket a gentle kick with her boot.

“Whoops! I’m sorry.”

It’s just another cruel gesture from the bully, but when you reach forward to pick it up someone’s else’s hand has got there first!

“Let me get that.”

You are surprised to see a girl in a white dress

standing in the doorway. She passes you the bucket and then smiles, her eyes twinkling in the afternoon light. You are sure you've never seen her before, but somehow you feel calm in her presence. Patch instantly steps forward, bending his neck so she can stroke his mane and forelock.

"My name is Sara," she explains. The mysterious girl turns to Patch, her face alive with emotion.

"Can I say hello?"

You nod shyly, watching as she whispers gently into Patch's ear. Your beloved pony nickers attentively every time she murmurs the name 'Starchaser'.

After a few minutes, you explain that you have to get on with mucking out Patch's stable.

"Of course," replies Sara. "Can I help you?"

If you agree to let Sara help you finish your chores, turn to 34.

If you insist on coping alone, turn to 92.

You look up at the entrance to the Roseshire Manor Air Stables and then knock on the door. Perhaps one of the grooms here has seen Targrin during their travels?

When a gatekeeper opens up, you introduce yourself and then turn back to Sara and the waiting Jasmine Forest guards. You are astonished to see they have all gone.

A picture of Bella floats into your imagination and you feel calmed again. In your mind's eye you see a frosted image of yourself riding Starchaser across endless green fields. The girl and horse look vibrant and in tune with each other. Bella's message helps you understand that the quest for Peregrine has now been fully placed in your capable hands.

You give Starchaser's ears a friendly scratch, before smiling at the guard.

"I am searching for Targrin," you declare. "Does anyone passing through your stables know of him?"

The guard shakes his head. "I have seen many travellers on their way to the Festival of Lights recently. Targrin isn't a name that I've heard in many years."

You thank the guard and step aside. The sage must be lurking outside the forest.

If you decide to follow the sun as it sets behind the trees, go to 9.

If you want to take a course due north in the direction of the evening breeze, go to 25.

You leap out and grab Piggo by the scruff of the neck. Starchaser and Ivy surge into the room. Targrin stands at the fireplace, sprinkling flurries of dust into the flames. He wheels around immediately, his face locked in a bitter smile.

“Where is Peregrine?” you demand.

The Crystal Carriage shines brightly in the corner, partially covered with a velvet cloth.

“Too late,” smirks Targrin, pointing to the mantelpiece. “I’ve just given the horse a dose of Ivenna’s Morphing Dust.”

You run to the fireplace and snatch a glass vial off the shelf. Inside is a tiny winged horse.

“Starchaser,” you call, turning to your friend, “can you harness yourself up to the Carriage?”

Ivy knocks Piggo to one side then pulls the velvet covering off with her teeth. Starchaser joins her at once, hooking himself up to the priceless carriage.

Targrin’s eyes turn cruel. “The coach is staying – I’m going to crush it into a million pieces.”

“You won’t get the chance,” you counter, lifting the Drasilmare amber up for him to see. The stone immediately bathes the room in golden sunlight, releasing Peregrine from his prison.

“Come on,” you say gently. “Let’s get out of here.”

If you decide to ride away on Peregrine’s back, go to 15.

If you are bold enough to turn the amber against Targrin, go to 41.

You urge Starchaser to drop down through the clearing skies, into the strange and beautiful land below.

"Is this North of North?" you ask, your eyes searching the damp swamp. Wisps of fog curl round the horses' legs, making it difficult to make out what might be waiting in the distance.

"Welcome," nods Sara. "This remote marshland is known as the Mistpiper Fens."

Bella swishes her tail, then begins to walk deeper into the Fens. The ground is damp with streams, peppered with bursts of purple heather. The place seems barren and stark, but you are far from alone. When you stare closer into the rivers, you spot dozens of lotus hedgehogs floating along the surface.

Suddenly three green tortoise-like creatures rise off the ground and drift past your head.

"Don't be frightened!" laughs Sara. "It's only a family of Bubble Turtles."

She reaches out her hand, gently touching the last Bubble Turtle's shell. The little creature wriggles happily, its antennae waving in all directions.

"The animals of North of North brim with goodness," she explains. "They will help you find our beloved Peregrine."

If you decide to head north towards Trails End, go to 70.

If you choose to seek inspiration from the magical creatures of the Fens, go to 82.

“Faster! Faster!” you cry, leading your friends back to Trails End. It has been the ride of your life, but there are still only minutes to go until midnight.

As you gallop, you whisper a secret thank-you to Sara. Your heart fills with pride and joy, still unable to believe that Peregrine and the Crystal Carriage are safe. By the time you trot down the road into Canter Hollow, you have to pinch yourself to make sure that it all really happened.

You dismount and start to pick your way through the gathering crowds. There is only a minute to go until midnight and the excitement amongst the people is intoxicating. You turn to take Starchaser’s bridle then pause – both he and Peregrine have disappeared.

There is no time to worry. A huge cheer from the crowds directs your eye to the skies above Trails End. Firework after firework explodes in a riot of colour. At that moment, Peregrine bursts into the skies according to time-honoured tradition.

The frosted silver stallion glides across the heavens, making your heart swell with happiness. The crowds break into a spontaneous round of applause. This year, beside Peregrine is Starchaser, the stars on his body glittering under the moonlight.

The people of Canter Hollow welcome the new arrival with a standing ovation. The joy is infectious, filling the evening air with laughter and song.

YOUR MAGICAL JOURNEY IS OVER.

You run to the door, pressing your head against its gnarled oak panels. You turn to Starchaser and Ivy with a look of concern.

"I can hear voices inside," you whisper. "We've got to go in."

Starchaser steps forward and sends you another vision of Peregrine. You have never felt closer to meeting the winged horse – you just hope that you'll make it in time.

You twist the handle and are relieved to find that it turns easily. You step over the threshold, finding yourselves in a gloomy hallway leading to a dark chamber hollowed out of the rock.

The voices get louder.

You tiptoe forwards and peer into an old mirror that has been propped up against the wall. The reflection before you makes you catch your breath. A man is standing just a few metres away, bickering fiercely with a small monkey-like creature.

Targrin and Piggo spit and swear at each other, while the stunning Crystal Carriage lights the chamber behind!

**If you decide to confront the evil pair,
go to 13.**

**If you try to creep towards the Crystal
Carriage, go to 90.**

You head to the meadow to bring the ponies in for the night. You stare out into the pasture, searching for each of the horses you know so well. Many of the volunteers at the centre say this is a difficult job, but it's always been one of your favourites. After their tough lives, you find the ponies will gladly approach in exchange for a loving pat and a few gentle words.

You slide a bucket of oats under your arm then climb through the fence into the meadow. Usually the chestnut foal, Hazzard, comes up to greet you, but today you notice that he's on the other side of the field.

"Hazzard, Blue, Wigwam, Applejack!" you call, walking in their direction.

You are surprised to find that all the ponies are gathered in a tight group, their tails flicking in the afternoon sun. As you get closer, you see that they are standing round a person!

Your heart beats faster at the sight of an intruder! Instinct spurs you into a sprint, but you are relieved to see that the stranger is only a young girl.

"Who are you?" you demand. "Are you here for the barn dance?"

The girl smiles and waves. She is quite beautiful. She has flawless glowing skin and a friendly face, framed by a tumble of soft golden hair. Her simple white dress is delicately stitched in gold.

"Can I help you lead them in?" she asks. "They are all so wonderful."

Your head tells you to refuse, but your instinct knows you can trust this stranger.

“OK,” you answer. “But only if you tell me your name.”

“I’m Sara,” she laughs. “Shall we get them into the stables?”

You begin to harness one of the old Exmoor ponies, Applejack. While you do this, Sara simply walks towards the gate. To your surprise all of the horses follow behind her at once. Even Hazzard prances at her side, trotting to keep up!

Back at the yard, there’s another surprise. The stables are somehow immaculate, a bundle of hay waiting for each resident.

You are speechless.

“I finished your chores off,” Sara explains. “I hope that’s alright.”

If you decide to take Sara to meet Patch, go to 88.

If you go and get ready for the barn dance, go to 32.

You follow Sara's footsteps round the paddock, past the barn dance and out towards the woodlands at the back of the rescue centre. Your amber pendant suddenly begins to glow.

Ahead of you is a majestic white mare – the finest creature you have ever seen. Sara introduces herself as a caregiver from North of North, and mounts Bella.

Patch turns his head towards Sara.

She turns to you and smiles. "Patch is from our world, you see."

Your mind is overwhelmed by a vivid picture. You see a winged horse galloping across the skies. Sara trots closer, then reaches for your hand.

"Bella is sending you a picture of Peregrine. He is a great stallion who is in mortal danger."

"Why am I seeing him?" you ask.

"It's your destiny to save Peregrine from his captors – a wicked man known as Targrin and his genie servant Piggo."

You have a thousand questions, but all words are quelled when Bella rears up before you.

"We'll talk later," urges Sara. "It's time to cross the Auroborus!"

Within seconds you find yourself galloping up into the sky, into an ocean of light.

If you decide to close your eyes and cling to Patch's mane, go to 67.

If you decide to lean forward to gaze at the lights beneath you, go to 2.

You strain your eyes to make out a form at the bottom of the well, but the chamber is pitch black.

You look up to check that Starchaser is still close and then gently lift the Drasilmare amber from your neck. When you hold it over the well, it bathes the cavity in a soft glow of golden light.

"Look!" you gasp, pointing down to a small brown creature with brilliant silver eyes. "It's a dog!"

Starchaser trots over, leaning his handsome head over the edge of the well.

"Do you know him?" you ask, eagerly.

The stallion stills for a moment, sending you a picture from his mind's eye. You see a brown Arab mare with a beautiful black mane and an intricate pattern of gemstones trailing down the line of her face.

"That must be Jewel," you gasp. "One of the legendary horses of North of North!"

You remember Sara telling you about Jewel, when she first introduced you to her homeland. You look back at the diamond-studded claws on the little animal in the well and wonder if it is one of the Gemdigger dogs that Sara talked about.

"Jewel must have sent him to us as a sign," you decide. "We must get down there."

If you are brave enough to jump into the well, go to 57.

If you decide to search for an alternative route, go to 85.

You mount Patch and follow behind Sara. She leads you out past the paddock and the pace gets quicker. Suddenly you have to clutch Patch's mane as he leaps over the gate!

You look behind for Sara, but she is already alongside you, riding on a stunning white mare.

"This is Bella," she explains. "My devoted friend."

"Who are you?" you ask.

"I am from a distant realm. A land of horses called North of North," she begins. "One of our number is in danger – a winged stallion called Peregrine."

"He has been taken by a powerful man named Targrin. He has an evil genie called Piggo to help him do his bidding." For a moment Sara's eyes fill with tears. "Peregrine's fate is in your hands."

Before she can say any more, you feel Patch pull up. Without breaking his stride, he begins to lift up and up, until his hooves have left the ground. To your amazement, you find yourself riding into the sky, Bella dipping and leaping at your side.

"This is wind walking," Sara cries. "It is how we get across the Auroborus to my kingdom."

Soon clouds give way to stars and a swirl of beautiful coloured lights. When a rich green forest appears below, Sara gives you the signal to land.

If you decide to head for the cover of the forest, go to 67.

If you direct Patch to a dwelling up ahead, go to 2.

You drag your necklace from your throat, whispering a prayer to Sara. Targrin recognises the gem at once.

"It was stolen from me years ago," he shouts. "But I will rise again. Now that Peregrine is out of my way, the Crystal Carriage can be ground into a new scry stone."

"That will never happen," you whisper, feeling the energy running out of the Drasilmare amber.

"Grab it, Piggo!" orders Targrin, making a desperate bid for the chain.

You pull back just as the genie and sage crash heads. Both fall to the ground, spitting with rage.

"Quick, Starchaser!" you urge. "Can you harness yourself up to the Crystal Carriage? Ivy will help you!"

The stallion pushes his way over to the glass coach, Ivy at his side.

Suddenly the golden beams from the necklace become too intense to bear. You close your eyes as a blinding flash rocks the underground chamber. When you open them again, Peregrine is standing before you. The powerful steed fills the room with majesty, his wings stretching up to the ceiling.

Starchaser whinnies in recognition, leading the Crystal Carriage towards the door.

If you decide to wait until all the horses have escaped, go to 68.

If you think it's better to run ahead, go to 79.

You walk up to the poster, staring hard at the image. It shows Peregrine soaring across the sky amid a blaze of fireworks. The Crystal Carriage behind him has been drawn so beautifully it almost shimmers in the light. The poster points right towards the Rolands Hold Arena, 'the perfect place to watch the Festival'.

"Let's try there, Starchaser," you say, hopefully.

You hurry out of Canter Hollow, crossing the Fastalon River before travelling up to the arena that sits majestically above the township.

When you reach the Rolands Hold golden gates, you are amazed by its beauty. The horseshoe-shaped coliseum is opulent and vast.

Unsure where to go next, you find yourself standing next to a young girl with a small grey mare. The mare's coat looks silky from grooming. Multi-coloured ribbons are plaited into her mane and tail.

"What a beauty," you marvel, sensing a kindred spirit. The girl's face breaks into a proud smile.

Without meaning to, this small act of friendship prompts you to spill out your desperate predicament.

"I've looked all over North of North," you sigh.

The child thinks for a minute. "You've looked all over North of North but have you looked under it?"

If you decide to take the girl's advice and look underground, go to 36.

If you choose to roam further before time runs out, go to 46.



As you approach the Air Stables, your mind churns with the ambition of your mission. Sara leads the way, but at the last moment steers you past the wooden door. You stand in silence, casting eerie shadows beneath the lantern nailed to the stables' tower.

"Shall I knock?" you ask eventually. "One of the grooms might have seen something of Targrin, or even Peregrine himself."

Sara shakes her head. "I can guide you no more, sweet friend. All I ask is that you look into yourself to find the answer to the mystery."

You scratch your head, wondering what to do next. At that moment the amber pendant begins to glow with warmth again, sensing your anticipation. You stop to study the gem, but when you next look up Sara and Bella have both disappeared.

"Oh, Starchaser," you whisper sadly. "Now we really are alone."

You notice that the forest has started to get gloomy in the evening light.

If you to decide to click your heels and ride out of the forest, go to 25.

If you feel safer finding somewhere to shelter until morning, go to 71.

From the moment that you step into the torch-lit corridor, your amber begins to glow with a new intensity.

"We're close to Peregrine now," you whisper to Starchaser and Ivy. "I can feel it!"

You pick up your pace, running to keep up with the horses as they canter along the deep passageways weaving left and right underneath the ruins.

"We must hurry!" you screech, a sense of panic rising in your chest.

Your instincts are right. You run around the next corner, bumping into something hard. You find yourself knocked to the ground, dazed for a moment at someone's feet. A man drags you up by the elbow.

"Good evening," smirks Targrin. "Is this the best rescue party that Trails End could manage?"

You pull your arm away. The sage is only a small man dressed in olive robes, but he has an aura of such menace you can hardly bear to stand next to him.

You push yourself past Targrin and gasp. The chamber behind is lit up by the dazzling white light of the Crystal Carriage.

If you decide to challenge Targrin there and then, go to 50.

If you try to get close to the Crystal Carriage, go to 90.

You have no idea where you are going, but something deep inside you knows that you and Starchaser have to press on, into the unknown. The light is already fading, so you spur the stallion northwards, his mane and tail streaming behind him.

The terrain soon opens out and then climbs upwards until the hills become mountains and all greenery is replaced by snow and ice. You shiver as you read the sign saying 'Whitemantle Glacier', pulling your jacket tighter around you.

When you feel Starchaser's body quiver with the chill, you dismount.

"Come on friend," you whisper. "Time to find some shelter."

At that moment a loud moo echoes round the mountains and you see eyes shining from behind a pile of avalanched stones – it is a small herd of friendly-faced Yarn Yaks. As you approach the animals the cattle part, allowing you and Starchaser to be warmed by their bodies.

You sink down into a comfortable and warming sleep. During your slumbers, Sara visits you in a vision. She leads you back in time, to the day that a brave caperberry hob first stole the amber from Targrin's divination stick. You are enchanted by the little creature, until you see Piggo loom up behind it. The collared genie dances and spits with rage, holding the hob upside down by its tail. In your dream the poor animal throws the amber in

desperation to his friend, a mysterious black foal. Sara reveals that this is Starchaser from many moons ago! The frightened colt tears across the Auroburus, fleeing to the unknown skies above Earth. It is there that Starchaser and Piggo engage in a terrible battle. During the last throes of combat the Drasilmare amber falls out of the sky into a house far below.

Suddenly you sit bolt upright. The house was *your* house! You look across to the sleeping stallion, your heart brimming with affection. A voice echoes dreamily round the mountain pass, telling you that Starchaser has been your secret protector from that day forward.

You rub your eyes and get to your feet. At last you realise why you were chosen for this journey.

If you decide to lead Starchaser on foot around the side of the mountain, go to 5. If you attempt to climb up to the summit, go to 77.

Knock! Knock! Knock!

K As you wheelbarrow the bucket, spade and fork to Patch's stable, you can hear the little pony banging his hooves expectantly on the worn wooden door. It's his way of showing his excitement and a not-so-polite request for you to hurry up!

You carefully unlock the door and explain that it is just going to be the two of you this afternoon. In some ways you think it will be a relief if you don't get finished in time for the barn dance. Tasha and Jemma can be so mean sometimes. If only they took the time to play with the horses, you are sure they'd be just as devoted to them as you are.

Patch twitches his dark mane and flicks his tail in the heat. Trails of sunbeams streak through the stable door, making the black and white pony twinkle from top to toe. As you give his neck a friendly scratch, he nibbles your T-shirt. Are you imagining it or are his dark eyes glistening extra brightly today?

Before you can start mucking out, you need to lead Patch to the next door stall. You buckle up his head collar then slip a leading rope through. The pony steps towards you immediately, more than happy to follow. Just as you give a gentle smile to encourage him forwards, you jump with surprise.

"Hello," says a voice from the shadows.

Sensing your curiosity, Patch instinctively moves to one side. You crane your head to see the outline of a girl standing at the back of the stable!

**If Patch moves to reveal Tasha, go to 11.
If you've come face-to-face with a stranger,
go to 39.**

As the sun drops below the horizon, you decide to make camp for the night.

“Let’s head over there,” you suggest, pointing to a small cluster of Fen trees.

You ride towards the trees and untack the horses. Starchaser drinks from a bubbling stream, while you fetch some refreshing pond clover for him to eat.

When you are ready to rest, you and Sara sit with the two horses lying behind you. The warm bodies of Starchaser and Bella shield you from the breeze.

At first the marsh feels lonely, but as you sit there in the quietness a series of magical creatures venture out to say hello.

“Look at that!” you whisper, pointing to a creature with a lovable face and a powder pink flower on its back.

“That’s a Lotus Hedgehog,” smiles Sara. “And those are floating Bubble Turtles playing on the bank.”

You sit enchanted. After a while you even spot green Neon Tadpoles jumping through the tumbling waters of the stream before you.

Sara tells you that you will never be on your own during your travels in North of North and now you believe her. But when you next look up, she has gone – leaving you alone to find Peregrine and the Crystal Carriage.

If you decide to tack up again and press on straightaway, go to 9.

If you decide to rest for the night while you consider your next move, go to 71.

You know that you can't spend any more time resting with the Festival of Lights approaching so soon. You unclasp your amber pendant and stare into its golden depths.

The gem shows you a man with white hair, a moustache and a friendly, wise face. The amber's all-seeing eye pulls back and shows you a shop called Patchwork Books in Canter Hollow. You remember the township's name from Targrin's story and resolve to seek out this potential new ally.

"Come on Starchaser, let's hurry!" you cry.

You quickly remount the stallion, urging him forwards along the mountain path. His hooves often slip and the night is remorselessly cold, but you keep inching forwards.

Gradually the night moves into the gold and lilacs of daybreak and you see the wonder of Trails End finally appear before you. The stunning world tree of Drasilmare stands dramatically above a gigantic waterfall carved with the image of Sara! You smile, realising that she is here with you everywhere in this marvellous land.

As you pick your way along the path you begin to pass travellers on the way to the Festival of Lights. You stop a young boy with a Tassel Mouse on his shoulder.

"I need to go to Canter Hollow," you explain.
"Can you help me?"

The lad grins. "We're all going there! Just follow the road."

You are there in no time. After a night of solitude the township is a shock to the senses, with busy townsfolk, traders and horses. Now you just need to find the bookstore.

If you decide to start by asking around at the market, go to 7.

If you decide to walk the streets until you find Patchwork Books, go to 72.

You feel your chest tighten with anxiety as you follow Bella's lead and trot in the direction of the barn dance. Running into Tasha and her mean friends could cause all kinds of problems, but you feel this is the right way to go.

As you draw closer to the party, you can hear laughter and chatter ringing over the music. The barn dance caller is merrily shouting out a do-si-do and everyone is having a good time. For a moment you feel left out and alone all over again.

Sensing this, Sara starts to tell you about another celebration.

"You have a special calling," she says, her mesmerising blue eyes distracting you immediately. "Only you can save a festival that is an age-old ritual. One that offers such hope and gladness, travellers journey from miles around to share in its magic."

"I don't know where to begin!" you shudder. "When is this festival?"

Sara leans forward, and Bella immediately quickens her step.

"The next Festival of Lights will commence tomorrow evening at midnight," Sara explains. "At that time, the people of my homeland, Trails End, will gather to see Peregrine soar across the skies pulling a Crystal Carriage."

"But Peregrine has been taken," you gasp. "It's impossible!"

"The Festival of Lights cannot be missed," Sara says quietly. "It marks the anniversary of my birth."

The Crystal Carriage holds great meaning for the people of Trails End. Sigga Rolanddotter, the Valkyrie protector of North of North, had it built from solid quartz to carry her on her wedding day. Its appearance in the sky every year is a sign of unity and resistance, not just to the wolf riders, but all forces that bear harm to Trails End."

"I am just a girl," you say, "I don't know these places or the people that belong there. How can I find Peregrine before midnight?"

You feel Patch extend his stride, moving forward with unexpected energy.

"Patch has faith in you," smiles Sara. "You have a good heart, a bold spirit and the Drasilmare amber to guide you."

It is time to journey to North of North.

**If you choose to gallop west, go to 10.
If you set your course eastwards, go to 35.**

The amber is so hot you can only just bear to hold it in your palm. You turn to Sara for guidance, a bewildered look in your eyes.

Bella dips her handsome head with the elegance of a true thoroughbred. Sara understands the horse at once.

"That's right Bella," she agrees, "The pendant will show all that you need to know."

You gaze back down at the necklace. The enchanted stone cools, its depths glinting in the light.

"I can see a picture!" you gasp.

There is indeed an image forming in the amber. The elements inside the rock twist and gather until you are able to pick out the figure of a man. He has a menacing face, but beside him is something much more terrible. A venom-spitting sprite is writhing in the stone, its bitter black eyes flicking left and right.

Sara touches your arm. "That man is the evil sage Targrin. The genie is Piggo, his malicious slave."

"Why have they appeared in my gem?" you ask.

"They have stolen a precious horse from North of North," sighs Sara. "The winged stallion Peregrine."

Bella interrupts you both by stamping her foot restlessly on the ground.

Sara nods. "If we don't hurry Peregrine might be lost forever!"

If you decide to trot around the back of the stables to the orchard, go to 59.

If you decide to press on towards the barn dance, go to 29.

“**W**herever Peregrine is, I know he is not here,” you sigh, your head clouded by Starchaser’s vision. All you can see in your mind’s eye is Peregrine shining in the darkness. The power of it takes your breath away.

You check Starchaser’s saddle and then ride on once more. As the sun begins to slowly sink, you urge your friend to gallop ever faster northwards. Before long, you are miles away from Canter Hollow and Whitemantle Mountain, heading down a lonely country track.

As the shadows get longer and longer, you start to lose hope. You have a strong feeling that Targrin is keeping his captive underground somewhere near here, but without another clue, it is hopeless.

An hour passes and the Festival of Lights appears to be doomed. Starchaser slows to a walk, weak with exhaustion. You lead him to a patch of grass next to an overgrown ruin.

“Stop and eat, my friend,” you say, “we have lost our way.”

As Starchaser grazes, a sweet-faced tan horse wanders out from behind the ruin. The mare has braided hair and ivy leaves woven into her tail. You smile as Starchaser and the horse nuzzle shyly, each lowering their eyes.

“Aren’t you a beauty,” you say, giving the mare a stroke. “Can I call you Ivy?”

Suddenly the mare begins to walk away, pausing occasionally to look back over her shoulder.

Both you and Starchaser follow.

Ivy leads you into the tumbled down temple and disappears from view. You scramble closer, then realise that she has gone down some steps obscured by a broken monument.

**If you decide to follow Ivy down the steps,
go to 6.**

**If you choose to wait for a few moments,
go to 56.**

You have no idea how this mysterious girl can have done three hours' worth of chores in just a few moments.

"Don't ask how," whispers Sara, reading your mind, "Just enjoy it."

"Th-thank you," you stutter, looking down the row of happy ponies. A serene quietness fills the yard. The only sound you can hear is birdsong and the occasional contented nicker from the stalls.

"I should get ready for the barn dance," you decide out loud. "Now that there's time for me to go."

"Of course," smiles Sara.

You politely say goodbye to her, sincerely hoping that you will meet again.

As you cross the paddock to clean up and find a change of clothes, you are greeted by the sound of Tasha and her troupe of cronies.

You turn a corner and spot the in-crowd emerging from the volunteers' room. Tasha and Jemma are in the centre of the group, both dressed in expensive new outfits. As soon as they spot you their faces turn haughty.

"Still working?" jibes Jemma, nudging her friend in the ribs.

"She might think she's Marella's favourite," sneers Tasha, "but there is no way Miss Goody Two-Shoes will have got the stables done by now."

You are tempted to put the pair in their place, but you hold yourself back.

"Can't wait to see you work the barn dance look!"

continues Tasha, her eyes flicking over to her friends. "Those wellies and jeans really aren't going to cut it, you know."

You think back to the happy hour you've just shared with your new friend Sara – if only she was coming to the party with you! A lump starts to form in your throat.

Suddenly the amber in your necklace begins to glow, sending a warm sensation circling around your heart.

You force a smile. "Why don't you all go on? You can see my outfit later."

Tasha tosses her raven hair. "Whatever."

If you take the necklace off to look at it, go to 3.

If you decide to run back to the safety of the stables instead, go to 55.

As your group picks its way through the moss-covered forest path, a light in the distance grows bigger and bigger. The lantern is nailed to the wooden base of Roseshire Manor Air Stables.

"Time is passing so quickly," sighs Sara, "We must find Peregrine before Targrin can cause him harm."

"How could a man hurt such a beautiful thing as a winged horse?" you wonder.

Sara's serene face softens. "Targrin wasn't always corrupt. His soul turned when he was betrayed by a young woman called Petra. The wolf rider Ivenna gave him the tools to wreak a revenge so terrible it twisted his heart forever. Unable to trust, Targrin vowed to devote himself to amassing treasure."

As Sara talks, the amber pendant grows hotter.

"Does he have something to do with my necklace?" you ask.

"Your intuition is right," replies Sara. "Targrin first stole your gem from the bark of a sacred tree in Trails End known to all as Drasilmare. The resin gave him the power to see into the future, using the answers for his own gain. Starchaser played a part in recovering the gem, sending the sage into exile."

"What happened to Petra?" you ask

Sara looks sad, and explains: "Targrin turned her into Piggo, a twisted genie bound by an iron collar."

**If you decide to talk more to Sara, go to 23.
If you would rather look for answers at the
Air Stables, go to 12.**

You look at your list of jobs, then eye the mysterious stranger. Even though her white sundress seems far too pretty to be worn amongst the dust and flies of the stables, she does genuinely seem to want to lend a hand.

"A little help around here would be great," you say gratefully.

Sara's face lights up. Within minutes she's changing feed buckets and fetching bales of hay. Even though you don't know each other, you make an amazing team. You seem to find a happy way of sharing the tasks without even talking about who should do what.

When it's time to call the ponies in from the meadow, you grab a leading rein and step into the evening sunlight. You and Sara stop for a moment to sit on the fence and take in the scene. Hazzard, a young chestnut foal, gambols near his mother, Blue. Two old bay Exmoor ponies, Applejack and Wigwam, are grazing peacefully in the distance. Across the fields you can hear guests already making their way to the main barn. Instead of feeling that you are missing out, your heart is brimming with happiness.

After a few minutes, Sara stands up and tiptoes on to the grass.

She cups her hands and calls sweetly into the sunset. "Time to rest now!"

To your amazement, the ponies respond at once to her voice. Each one trots willingly towards you both, nuzzling you as it passes. You and Sara catch each other's eye and then laugh. Your leading rein seems

useless as the ponies walk dutifully to their stables.

"How did you do that?" you ask, following the last pony into its stall.

"There is no limit to what others will do for you when you offer love and kindness," answers Sara.

Your list of chores is ticked off in record time. You feel like Cinderella being given the chance to go to the ball, but the prospect of the barn dance has now lost all its appeal. You'd much rather sit here with Sara talking about the horses you both love.

"Before you rush off to the dance," suggests your new friend, "let's take Patch outside for a while."

If you decide to give Patch another brush down first, go to 64.

If you decide to tack up and head out to the paddock right away, go to 18.

You gently urge Patch forwards. Together you head east towards the fence running along the back of the orchard. Patch pushes ahead, breaking into a canter. He takes the fence at a good pace, springing beautifully into the air. When his front hooves don't touch down again on the other side you are speechless. You are flying!

You pinch yourself and then peer forwards over Patch's neck. Down below you spot the animal centre and the barn dance getting smaller and smaller. You smile to see Sara and Bella right beside you.

"This is unbelievable!" you gasp, feeling the thrill of the wind rushing past your body. Patch jumps through a cloud, galloping higher and higher until you reach a starlight wonderland of swirling colours.

"We have entered the Auroborus," smiles Sara. "Some call it the Sea of Lights."

As the four of you streak across the sky, Patch seems to be growing ever more powerful. The pony bucks and strains until his body transforms into the physique of an impressive black stallion. You are astonished by his beauty – instead of piebald patches, he is studded with silver comets and stars.

Sara urges Bella closer and the mare squeals in greeting to the stallion.

"Do they know each other?" you wonder aloud.

"Of course," Sara replies. "This is Starchaser. Now that we are travelling back to North of North he can revert to his true form."

You gallop onwards on this magnificent steed,

your head spinning. Bella stares intently into the Auroborus, sensing your confusion.

A sequence of images appears in your mind's eye. Sara tells you they come from Bella, explaining that all horses in North of North communicate this way.

First you see a picture of a good man. You know at once that this must be Targrin. Next a beautiful maiden appears, taking gold out of Targrin's purse. Finally you see Targrin erupt into an explosive rage, clutching your amber stone in his fist.

"When Targrin was cheated by a sweet shepherdess named Petra, he lost all faith in goodness. The wolf rider Ivenna helped him wreak a terrible revenge, turning Petra into the genie Piggo. Corrupted by wealth, Targrin stole a chunk of amber from the Drasilmare tree in Trails End. The amber has great power. Targrin was able to see such things in its depth that he amassed a huge fortune. When the gem was taken from him a few years ago, he threw himself into exile."

"How did the stone come to me?" you ask.

Sara smiled. "We have Starchaser to thank for that."

Now that Peregrine and the Crystal Carriage are missing, you wonder if Targrin has a new plan to seize power for his own ends. You gulp at the challenge ahead. It is time to find Targrin's lair.

If you decide to gallop on until Starchaser finds the right place to land, go to 87.

If you prefer to drop down into North of North straight away, go to 14.

You gather Starchaser's reins and then swing yourself up into his saddle, desperately aware that there isn't much time. Although you feel certain that Targrin has hidden Peregrine and the carriage underground somewhere, it seems that you are no closer to discovery.

"I'm in your hands Starchaser," you whisper. "Ride as fast as you can!"

The stallion rears his front legs, his nostrils flaring with determination. Before long he takes you on to the main road out of Canter Hollow. The township and Whitemantle Mountain are now far behind.

You ride on and on, competing with the orange orb of the sun as it sets in the horizon. The hours until midnight are now passing like sand through your fingers. All you can hear at your side are Starchaser's hooves pounding the earth. You scour the countryside for a sign of Targrin or his hiding place, but the quest almost seems hopeless.

At that moment, an Ivy-Tailed Dragon catches your eye. The little creature darts across your path, narrowly avoiding being crushed under Starchaser's hooves.

"Woah!" you shout, pulling the stallion back just in time.

Blissfully unaware, the lizard scuttles on towards some brambles. Something makes you pursue it. As you step through the undergrowth, the Ivy-Tailed Dragon leads you into a ruined courtyard, before disappearing down an ancient well.

The emptiness of the place is overwhelming. You slip off Starchaser's back, loosening his girth so that he can rest for a few moments.

When you peer down the well, you immediately jump back in fright. Two silvery eyes are looking straight back up at you!

If you decide to hold your amber pendant over the well, go to 19.

If you choose to speak to the creature hiding below, go to 53.

Your instinct tells you to trust the good-natured Professor. "I need to talk to the ice people," you say. "They might be able to help me understand why Targrin has come out of exile. Will you help me?"

Snowshire takes off his hat and scratches his head. "They are very shy. We like to keep ourselves to ourselves up here."

"Please," you beg, "I don't know where else to turn."

The Professor sees the urgency in your eyes. "You'd better come this way."

You and Starchaser follow the mountain man as he strides through the network of chambers that runs underneath Whitemantle Glacier. Eventually you arrive at a strong oak door set into the ice.

The Professor knocks three times. After a few moments the door creaks open. A small woman peers out, eyes wide at the sight of you and Starchaser.

"I bring friends," begins Snowshire. "Can we come in?"

The woman nods, welcoming you inside. The cavern behind the door is no warmer than outside, the walls still frozen solid.

If you decide to show the woman the Crystal Carriage, go to 78.

If you choose to leave the talking to Professor Snowshire, go to 49.

Starchaser gallops until the lights and stars begin to fade. You feel elated but tired when he at last touches down in a strange land of curling mist.

Sara tells you that you've reached Mistpiper Fens, a vast area of swamp to the south of Trails End.

"Which way should we travel?" you ask. "Does Targrin dwell in these lands?"

Bella trots into a clearing, her white mane framed beautifully against the setting sun. Starchaser intuitively steps forwards, leading you in and out of the heather that dots the marshes.

"Now I have brought you to North of North, you must lead the way," Sara explains. "The amber pendant and Starchaser will help you."

The Fens feels so lonely and vast, you wonder how you will ever be able to find a way through this barren land. As you lead Sara through the marsh, the sun begins to slowly sink.

"Targrin is a formidable foe, but you have strength too," encourages Sara. "Without the Drasilmare amber, he has not been able to wield any power. If you can pluck Peregrine and the Crystal Carriage from his clutches, the sage will be powerless."

"I understand," you reply, holding the pendant close.

As the light begins to fade further, you wonder whether to press on or camp out for the night.

**If you decide to camp out now, go to 27.
If you choose to march on through the
Fens, go to 80.**

“Thought you could do with a hand.”

A golden-haired girl steps out from behind Patch, holding a fresh bucket of water. She has a pale, heart-shaped face and large almond eyes. You're surprised to see that she is wearing a beautiful silk sundress – even in the dusty stable the floaty gown billows in stunning white folds, golden stitching dancing across it. As the girl sets the bucket down in front of Patch, you can't help but notice that the pony is perfectly at ease with the stranger.

“There you go Starchaser,” she whispers, expertly scratching Patch's neck in his favourite spot.

You explain that the pony's actually called Patch, then look down at the stable floor – the straw is fresh and clean, raked just the way you like it. You've only been away for a few minutes, so how could she have mucked out in that time?

“Looks like you take very good care of Patch,” nods the girl. She steps forwards to shake your hand, her large blue eyes twinkling brightly. “My name is Sara.”

Marella hasn't mentioned this new volunteer, but she seems a thousand times keener than anyone you've met here before. Together you groom Patch until the spots on his coat gleam in the fading afternoon light.

“You look so smart,” coos Sara admiringly. “If I help you with the rest of the horses, would there be time to take him out for a ride?”

You look at your watch. There are still a lot of jobs to get through before sunset.

Sara nods knowingly. "We've got a lot to do, but if we work as a team we'll be finished in no time. Besides, I want to teach you something special about Patch."

If you take agree to take Patch for a ride, go to 92.

If you decide to stay at the stables go to 34.

You tiptoe closer and closer to the bright light, your heart beating like a drum. You turn a final corner and the corridor widens into a vast underground chamber. It's then that you see it properly – the Crystal Carriage!

Sigga's wedding carriage looks even more stunning than you imagined. The quartz shines with such intensity, a kaleidoscope of brilliant colours are radiated over the walls and ceiling of the chamber.

Suddenly you feel something sharp at your neck. You try to spin round but a man has you trapped. You know at once who it is.

"Very foolish," sneers Targrin, holding his dagger to your throat. "Look, Piggo!"

Across the chamber, his foul genie splutters and laughs, tugging at its rusted iron collar.

Starchaser and Ivy whinny in frustration, terrified to see you taken hostage.

"Where's Peregrine?" you demand, writhing under Targrin's grip.

The sage lets out an arrogant chuckle.

"Take a look over there," he shouts, pointing to a small glass vial standing on a shelf above the fire.

You rub your eyes, then cry out as you spot the fine horse shrunk down to the size of your little finger.

"What have you done?"

**If Targrin reveals his plot willingly, go to 62.
If you call on your amber to find out the truth, go to 21.**

You feel honoured to be here in Trails End, preparing to enjoy the Festival of Lights for the first time ever. But more than anything, you feel honoured to be the keeper of the Drasilmare amber. The stone has helped you so many times on your journey, but no more so than when it used its magic to bind Targrin and Piggo together forever, doomed to reside eternally in their stifling underground lair.

"Thank you, too," you grin, reaching over to tickle Starchaser's ears. "Now that I've got you, I'll never be lonely again. Even when it's time to go back home, eh Patch?"

At that moment the crowd bursts into applause. The midnight sky fills with fireworks then Peregrine bursts into the firmament. The silvery stallion blazes across the sky, a trail of pixie dust shimmering behind him.

A lad in front of you suddenly points to the gleaming Crystal Carriage. "Who's that in the back?"

There, sitting in the glass coach, you can just make out a young princess with golden curls and a shining white gown.

"Could it really be Sara?" asks another woman. "The coach has always been empty before!"

You look at the girl's beautiful face smiling down at the crowds. This time, you truly think it could...

YOUR MAGICAL JOURNEY IS OVER.

—○○○○—

Starchaser has to pick up to a trot and then a fast canter to keep up with the circling magpie, as it soars ever higher above your head. As you follow in pursuit, your heart pounds. Perhaps Targrin has commanded the bird to fetch him trophies and prizes from across North of North?

As you ride, the path climbs until you reach a mountain pass. Finally the bird stops, gliding down to a nest lodged in the icy rock. It is only when night falls that you realise how far you've come.

"That sign says 'Whitemantle Glacier'," you tell Starchaser. "Didn't the ice people from here carve Sigga's crystal carriage?"

The bird comes to a rest on the side of the nest, its mate singing out in welcome. You smile as the magpie presents the jewel to the female bird, lighting the desolate nest with a wonderful glow of warmth. This bird has no tie with Targrin, but maybe you've come this way for a reason.

In the half-light, you think of Sara and then suddenly feel your amber pendant start to glow. You stare into its golden depths and a picture emerges.

The image is faded and weak, and you get the distinct feeling that it is drawing you back into the past. As you watch, a scene unfolds. There is the caperberry hob, stealing the amber from Targrin's divination stick. The brave creature scampers out of the lair, showing the gem to a young foal. The adorable colt is jet black with a dusting of silver stars.

You rub your eyes and gasp – it must be Starchaser, from many years ago!

Suddenly the image disappears and a foul genie scuttles into view. The loathsome creature is holding the caperberry hob by the tail. Piggo is almost too terrible to behold, but you force yourself to keep gazing into the pendant. When the hob tosses the amber to Starchaser, the foal gallops away as fast as he can. Your fingers tremble as the foal flees North of the North, crossing the Sea of Lights until he reaches the skies of Earth. There is a terrible battle with Piggo, before the gem falls from the foal's mouth down and down and down...

You shriek and drop the stone to the floor. When you pick it up again, a serene vision of Sara appears.

Her voice echoes around your mind. "The stone fell into your nursery, sweet friend. Starchaser has remained on Earth as your secret protector from that night onwards."

You urge Starchaser forwards with renewed energy. "Let's hurry. I want to make Sara proud."

If you decide to climb further up the glacier, go to 77.

If you decide to pick a route on the other side of the mountain, go to 5.

You hide behind the oak door. When the Gemdigger dog howls in pain, you can bear it no more. Starchaser storms in, knocking the door off its hinges with a kick. Piggo drops the pup and scrambles on to a roof beam, spitting with rage.

A corner of the room is lit up in dazzling white light. You scramble over to the Crystal Carriage!

"Please don't touch what doesn't belong to you," says a cut glass voice. "When I crush the carriage, its power will be mine."

You spin on your heel, coming face-to-face with Targrin. The little man is dressed in olive green robes, armed with a divination staff in his right hand.

"You had no right to take it!" you shout. "Now where's Peregrine?"

"I've just given him a good dose of Morphing Dust," says Targrin, running to the corner of the room. He picks up a tiny vial. "He's in here...oops!"

Everything happens at once. As the glass falls to the ground you pull out your amber locket, directing it at Peregrine. There is a tinkle of smashing glass and the silvery-winged horse steps forwards, restored to his natural size.

"How?" stutters Targrin, wracked with rage.

"I am the keeper of the Drasilmare amber!" you shout, rushing to harness Peregrine to his carriage. "When used for good, its power cannot be stopped!"

If you flee the chamber now, go to 15.

If you get the others out first, go to 68.

You scramble forwards as quietly as you can, white beams flooding the corridor with light. Starchaser walks ahead of you, trying to shield your body from harm, while Ivy trots at your side.

At the end of the corridor, the light is so brilliant you are forced to shield your eyes.

“Now that I’ve used Ivenna’s magical compound to shrink Peregrine, I can use the Crystal Carriage as I see fit!” bellows a man’s voice.

A loud chattering noise echoes around the corridor.

Fuelled by rage, you tear past the horses and into the chamber behind. There, in the underground cavern, is Targrin, his divination stick raised up towards the ceiling. He is in the middle of an incantation, an apothecary’s concoction bubbling in front of the fire. Streaks of light are streaming out of the stick into

a tiny glass vial on the mantelpiece.

“Where’s Peregrine?” you shriek.

Targrin spins round, masking any signs of surprise. “Why don’t you look up there?”

Peregrine is indeed in the room. The poor horse is trapped above the fire in a glass vial, no bigger than your little finger. The Crystal Carriage lights up the far corner of the chamber, its beautiful quartz glinting through the cobwebs.

If you demand that Targrin explains himself, go to 62.

If you call on your pendant, go to 84.

You tiptoe forwards as quietly as you can. Starchaser treads silently behind you, his eyes wide with fear.

You shudder when you get a full view of Targrin's genie. Piggo is much more fearsome to look at than you'd imagined. She chatters horribly, batting her plaything backwards and forwards – somehow she has trapped the poor Gemdigger dog.

You take a deep breath and then pull the genie back, releasing the magical creature from her grip. Piggo turns on you with all her venom, scratching and spitting in the firelight.

"Drop it, Piggo," commands a calm voice in the background. "I've got something to show her."

Targrin is pacing towards you, an old man with a twisted grin. Piggo backs off, cursing under her breath. The sage pulls a small glass vial out of his robes.

"I suppose this is what you are looking for?"

He tosses the vial towards you and you catch it just in time. Inside you spy a miniature version of Peregrine!

"What have you done to him?" you shriek, your heart racing.

Targrin laughs, proudly explaining how he bought an apothecary's concoction from Ivenna, enabling him to shrink the winged horse.

"Take him if you want," scoffs the sage. "I'll be busy crushing the Crystal Carriage. Its ground quartz will make me the most powerful force in North of North!"

He pulls back a curtain, then howls in shock. The

Crystal Carriage stands behind him in all its beauty, but somehow Starchaser has harnessed himself to the front! The brave stallion stampedes out of the chamber, knocking the sage to the ground.

You pull out your amber pendant and press it to the vial. The glass smashes instantly and a full-sized Peregrine sweeps into the room.

If you decide to escape on Peregrine's back, to to 15.

If you choose to run for your life, go to 79.

You feel the seconds ebbing away. It seems the only choice available to you now is to take to the road. You make your farewells and then mount Starchaser.

"Come on, boy," you whisper. "Gallop like you've never galloped before."

The stallion streaks into the distance as if his own life depends on it. Starchaser's muscles work and strain as he gallops south, a glossy black shape disappearing over the horizon. As you ride, you scour the countryside for a sign – anything that might suggest that Targrin is lurking nearby.

Just when you are at the point of giving up, Sara provides a helping hand. On a lonely spot on the track ahead a young girl comes into view. The blonde-haired child is leading a tan horse with a curly brown mane and tail.

You slow to a trot, then smile as you hear a familiar voice speaking gently in your ear.

"Not far to go, Ivy will help you."

You approach the tan horse and dismount. By the time you have walked around Starchaser to greet the strangers, the blonde girl has disappeared. You smile and whisper a silent thank-you, sure that Sara has been near.

"So you must be Ivy," you say, reaching your hand out to the mare.

The beautiful creature lowers her eyes shyly. Each of them are hooded with long dark lashes. The mare has ivy leaves plaited into her mane and tail, trailing into chestnut curls.

She picks up her hooves and leads you off the track, towards a copse of trees. Past the copse you see some old stones covered in vines and creepers.

"Let's follow, Starchaser," you say. "Ivy wants us to see this old ruin."

You pull apart some brambles and step through into what must have once been an ancient courtyard. Ivy-tailed Dragons scuttle over to greet your new companion and birds pick berries off the bushes growing up the stones.

Ivy softly neighs and a picture of a doorway floats into your mind.

You look behind an old statue and see an archway leading down below the ground. Ivy flicks her tail and starts to tread carefully down the steps.

If you decide to go down the steps after Ivy, go to 6.

If you think it's wiser to consult Starchaser first, go to 56.

You gently brush Starchaser's mane away from his eyes and whisper in his ear.

The stallion is awake and on his feet in seconds. He leads you to a crack in the hillside where ice cold glacial water twinkles in the moonlit air – you both drink and feel as rejuvenated as if you had eaten a feast. You silently thank Sara, sure that her invisible hands are helping you.

You ride until dawn before emerging into the beauty of Trails End. As you continue down the lane towards Canter Hollow you begin to pass travellers – one even offers you and Starchaser an apple from the back of his cart. When you mention Targrin's name his face turns sour, but a second look at you seems to reassure him.

A farm girl approaches, leading a brace of bovos.

"You ought to speak with Iverson P. Opus," she says, as the bovos float behind her. "He owns the bookshop at Canter Hollow."

You thank her and trot on towards the township. By the time Starchaser clip clops into Canter Hollow the market place is bustling with life.

"What's that?" you ask, spotting a strange creature tucked at the back of a cobbler's stall. Could it be Targrin's genie Piggo?

If you decide to take a closer look at the mysterious creature, go to 7.

If you opt to search the shop fronts until you find the bookstore, go to 72.

You struggle to reach for the chain around your neck, your arm twisting under the force of Targrin's grip. The Gemdigger dog snaps at the sage's feet, but the little man knocks him away.

You find yourself being dragged into a chamber. It is flooded with the brilliant beams of the Crystal Carriage! Piggo hops and dances in the glow of its light, her eyes twinkling with malice.

"Where's Peregrine?" you demand, still struggling to pull out the amber pendant.

Targrin laughs and hands you a vial.

"Take him," he sneers gleefully. "Just be careful he doesn't break."

You look down and gasp. Inside the glass tube is Peregrine, his tiny wings flapping in distress. The sage explains how he used Morphing Dust from the wolf riders to shrink the horse, leaving him free to crush the Crystal Carriage.

"When I scry through the Carriage's quartz," he shouts. "I'll have more power than ever before!"

You hold the vial to your heart, bathing it in the light of the Drasilmare amber. In the next instant you see broken glass and a majestic winged steed stampeding through the room. While you harness Peregrine to the Crystal Carriage, Starchaser bucks and rears in front of Targrin and Piggo.

If you decide to break Targrin's divination staff, go to 41.

If you choose to flee straight away, go to 79.

Professor Snowshire tells the woman about your search for Peregrine and the Crystal Carriage.

"She only has until midnight before the Festival of Lights is lost," he explains. "Think what message that would send to the wolf riders that bear malice to the folk of North of North."

The woman's face blanches with worry. "My people carved the Crystal Carriage out of solid quartz. It is a thing of mystical power."

Your heart races. "Could Targrin use the quartz for scrying? He is a master of this art."

"Yes," says the ice dweller simply, "and with such a large amount of the gem, who knows what power he could harness?"

Starchaser suddenly whinnies, scraping the ground with his hoof.

"What is it, my old friend?" you ask, looking into the stallion's eyes.

The horse sends you a mental picture, as clear as a painting on a wall.

"You're right, Starchaser," you reply. "We must think about Peregrine, too."

If you see a picture of the winged horse galloping across a sunset, go to 4.

If you see Peregrine surrounded by darkness, go to 31.

“**T**his Carriage once belonged to Sigga,” you cry. “How dare you take it!”

Targrin laughs. “I’ve waited in the shadows for many years. Now it’s my turn to blaze in a trail of glory!”

The sage points to a bench. Suddenly Piggo snatches at your sleeve, pulling you down.

“Where’s Peregrine?” you demand.

Targrin looks at Piggo, his eyes glittering with amusement. He is too arrogant to notice Starchaser and Ivy stepping towards the Crystal Carriage.

“He’s still alive,” sneers the sage, pulling a glass trinket box out of his pocket. He tosses it over and you catch it just in time. The miniature form of the winged horse is trapped inside!

“Ivenna gave me the Morphing Dust I needed,” he boasts. “Now Peregrine is out of my way, I can concentrate on grinding the glass coach into a million pieces. The quartz will make the perfect scry stone.”

Starchaser rears up, his forelegs knocking the sage to the ground. You gasp when you see the stallion is harnessed up to the Crystal Carriage.

“In the name of Sara!” you cry, holding the amber to Peregrine’s glass cage. Golden light encircles the trinket box, lifting it up to the ceiling. As the horse returns to his true size, you hear Tarquin howl.

**If you decide to flee the chamber, go to 68.
If you see Starchaser and Ivy to safety first,
go to 79.**

The caperberry hob painted on to the tavern's swinging sign persuades you to turn left back through the lanes of Canter Hollow. Inside you can already hear merry-makers laughing and singing. Revellers all over the township are spending their hard-earned horseshoes on feasting in readiness for the Festival of Lights.

As you trot through a pretty square with a fountain, clocks all over Canter Hollow chime midday. You feel yourself shiver – there are only twelve hours before Peregrine's disappearance will be discovered!

Determined not to let down the people of Trails End, you lead Starchaser back out of town with a new urgency.

You begin to canter through meadows and fields, stopping to ask villagers and passersby if they have heard of Targrin in these parts. Farmers, pilgrims, grooms and stablehands all shake their heads.

You feel like giving up, but just when you need it most, your dear Starchaser sends you an image of comfort and hope.

If you see a picture of a Peregrine galloping in the evening light, go to 4.

If you are shown a vision of the winged horse lighting up the darkness, go to 31.

You ride deeper into the forest. Soon the path widens and there is room for you to trot alongside Bella and Sara. You can't think of a time when you have ridden a horse as powerful and athletic as Starchaser, but somehow he is just as responsive and easy to guide as Patch.

"You make a fine partnership," smiles Sara. "Even though you have never realised it, Starchaser has been watching over you for a long time."

You lean forward and hug the stallion's chest. "You have been full of surprises! If anyone can help me find Peregrine, I know you can do it."

As you journey together through the Jasmine Forest, Sara explains how precious Peregrine is to the people of North of North.

"Tomorrow night a sacred festival will take place across the mountains from here, in the valley of Trails End. It is an ancient tradition to commemorate my birthday."

You nod your head in understanding.

Sara continues. "At midnight, Peregrine is due to ride across the skies pulling a stunning Crystal Carriage amid a blaze of fireworks. People travel from miles around just to see it! The carriage was commissioned by Sigga, the Valkyrie protector of North of North to transport her on her wedding day. The ice people of Whitemantle Glacier carved it out of solid quartz. It is Sigga's legacy that the carriage should be paraded every year. The Festival is more than a celebration – it is a sign to all that bear ill will

to the people and horses of North of North that good shall ultimately prevail.”

“If Peregrine and his carriage have been taken by Targrin,” you ask, “what will happen to the Festival?”

Bella suddenly stamps her foot, snorting with frustration.

“It must take place,” says Sara solemnly. “Targrin needs to be found before he destroys the carriage or worse.”

Sara believes that the enchanted amber that you’re wearing is the only thing that might save Peregrine.

You are unsure how the beautiful necklace can be of use, but any further words are interrupted by the rushing sound of leaves in the forest behind you.

In the other direction, a lantern twinkles in the woodland gloom.

If you decide to turn around and follow the sound, go to 91.

If you feel that it’s wiser to head towards the lantern, go to 33.

You summon all your courage and lean as far over the edge of the well as you dare.

“We come only in peace!” you shout.
“Who are you?”

There is a silence for a moment or two and then a volley of barking.

You jump upright and stare at Starchaser. “It’s a dog!”

Something about the animal’s tone seems friendly and as the light draws in, its eyes seem to glint ever more brightly from the depths of the well.

“Sara said that magical creatures would always be ready to help us on our quest,” you resolve. “I think we should go down and find it.”

You turn round to gauge Starchaser’s reaction, but the stallion has his back turned. When you walk over you see that he is looking at a large iron ring. The ring is knotted with vines, but when you tear the foliage away you see that it is fixed to a stone trap door.

Starchaser grabs the ring in his teeth, while you pull with both hands. With an almighty creak the door lifts up, landing with a dull thud on the ground behind.

You rush down the steps, not knowing where they might lead you. When you get to the bottom you can just make out two tunnels in the darkness.

If you decide to venture down the tunnel on the left, go to 8.

If you opt for the one on the right, go to 73.

You pull back from Targrin with all your might, fighting to run back down the chamber. Starchaser steps forwards baring his teeth, lunging at the sage with terrible force.

"Get away from me!" bellows the old man.

In the confusion Targrin lets go of your wrist, but something else leaps on to your back. Piggo is scratching and biting at your clothes.

"Where is Peregrine?" you scream.

Targrin grins bitterly.

"Do what you like to me," he sneers, "you'll never have the power to free Peregrine."

He points across to a small glass vial, set up on the shelf. You shake Piggo off then reach for the vial. Inside is a tiny winged horse! Targrin explains how he transformed the horse using Morphing Dust from the wolf rider Ivenna. "Once I have crushed the Crystal Carriage into a new scry stone for my divination stick, I will wield more power than ever!"

Then you and Starchaser think as one. The stallion overwhelms the wicked landlord, while you hold the Drasilmare amber up to the light. The vial smashes in seconds, Peregrine's presence flooding the room.

"Ivy, Starchaser are you ready?" you shout, harnessing Peregrine to the Crystal Carriage.

If you decide to use your amber to trap Targrin, go to 41.

If you choose to make your escape right now, go to 79.

You dash into the yard and crouch behind a stable door. You have worn your pendant since you were a tiny baby, so what is happening to it now? Once you are alone, you hold the necklace up to the light. It is now glowing with such brilliance it sends tawny beams radiating in all directions.

You are interrupted by the sound of hooves trotting briskly across the stable block. You look up and gasp in surprise. Standing in front of you is a stunning white mare!

Sara appears beside her, her eyes shining. She smiles up at the mare and the pair share a moment of deep understanding – a look of friendship and respect.

"This is my dearest friend," she explains. "Her name is Bella."

Bella is not only beautiful, she has a nobility about her that takes your breath away. The elegant mare is powerful and majestic, her long white mane sparkling in the summer sunshine. She steps before you and nods her handsome head.

You are aware that you are standing before a great presence.

"Bella and I have travelled here from a world far, far away," Sara explains. "We came to find you."

"Why me?" you ask, overwhelmed by the honour.

"We are in desperate need of your help."

Sara gestures towards Patch's stable. "Patch has a role to play, too."

Your amber pendant throbs with such heat you

have to pull it from your neck.

"The stone is hot!" you cry, holding it up to the light.

Sara nods. "It has unparalleled power. The Drasilmare amber comes from North of North, my home."

If you stop to gaze at the amber pendant, go to 30.

If you choose to thrust the pendant into your pocket and ride Patch after Bella and Sara, go to 75.

You stop for a moment and turn to Starchaser. "Are you ready friend?" you ask. "I think we should go down there."

Starchaser stamps his hoof, holding his head up proudly. He looks so noble and brave in the evening light. You understand at once that he is prepared to follow you anywhere in North of North.

"I think Targrin might be down there," you whisper. "Let's go!"

You follow Ivy's path around the monument and then down the steps. Within seconds you and Starchaser are enveloped in total blackness.

"This will help," you say, pulling out your amber pendant.

The gem casts a soft light in the corridor. You soon see Ivy waiting patiently in the darkness, her body shivering with the chill of the cold underground air.

You all continue down the corridor for an impossibly long amount of time. The tunnel twists left and right, until you see a faint white glow in the distance.

You approach carefully, the light getting stronger and stronger. What is it?

If you are faced with the gleam of the Crystal Carriage, go to 40.

If the light is streaking out of Targrin's divination stick, go to 44.

You search all over the ruin, but there doesn't seem to be any way down.

You take a deep breath and then take Starchaser's face in your hands.

"That Gemdigger dog has been sent here for a reason," you whisper. "I'm going to jump down. Will you wait for me up here, dear friend?"

The horse's eyes roll back in trepidation, but he loyally dips his head. You clamber on to the side of the well and then turn to wave goodbye. At that very moment, Starchaser stamps his foot on the ground and a loud groan echoes across the ruins!

To your surprise a stone slides back next to the well. Bugs and beetles swarm into the evening light, revealing a dank staircase spiralling out of sight.

You are both down the stairs in seconds. When you reach the bottom of the well the Gemdigger Dog races up to greet you, its diamond toenails glittering in the darkness.

You, the dog and Starchaser race down the well's feeder tunnel, now long run dry. You turn the corner at the end and are greeted with the shock of your life.

"We have a visitor, Piggo," smiles Targrin, beckoning you into his lair. Behind him, the chamber is illuminated by the brilliance of the Crystal Carriage.

**If you decide to go quietly, turn to 60.
If you try to run, go to 54.**

You peer ever deeper into the amber's mesmerising pools, until the image of a white mare appears. The horse is strong and noble, yet her face shows a tenderness that draws you to her at once.

"She's so beautiful," you whisper.

At that instant the picture morphs into a real horse – as majestic as any creature you have seen in your life. You are rooted to the spot, your hands shaking with anticipation.

Sara fondly embraces the horse.

"This is Bella," she explains. "She comes from a realm called North of North."

You step forward and bow your head respectfully. "And you?"

The girl's face glows. As she smiles her stunning hair creates a magical aura of golden light. "I am a horse caregiver."

Suddenly a cheer goes up in the distance. It is a crowd of partygoers on their way to the barn dance.

"We must make haste," Sara continues. "You and Patch also have wonders about you. It's time that you learnt about them."

If you decide to quickly lead Bella, Sara and Patch out to the orchard, go to 59.
If you agree to follow Bella straight towards the festivities, go to 29.

It is quiet in the orchard and safe.

As you admire Bella's glittering white form, Sara explains the desperate need to save Peregrine. You walk silently through the apple trees, the horses stepping beside you.

"There is a place in North of North known as Trails End," Sara explains. "Tomorrow it should be the scene of a magnificent celebration – the Festival of Lights. Travellers and pilgrims are already journeying from far and wide to meet friends and play their part."

"It sounds very special," you reply. "But why does it happen?"

Bella suddenly turns so that the mare stands proudly across your path. Although there is no breeze, her tail and mane blaze around her in a glow of milky white.

"The Festival is held in honour of my birthday," says Sara. "The day that I was born."

You listen with great interest.

"The festivities will reach their climax at midnight," Sara continues. "As the clock chimes, the winged steed Peregrine is due to soar across the sky pulling a Crystal Carriage. He has done this every year since Sigga, the Valkyrie protector of North of North, dwelt in Trails End. Sigga has long passed, but in her time it was believed that she asked the ice people of Whitemantle Glacier to carve the coach out of solid quartz."

"You told me that Peregrine and the carriage have

disappeared!" you cry. "What is going to happen tonight?"

Sara sighs. "Trails End without the Festival of Lights is unthinkable. The anniversary sends a clear message to those who intend harm to the people and horses of North of North. Targrin must be stopped before midnight!"

Bella breaks into a canter, her nostrils flaring. She tosses her head backwards in a gesture of resolve and determination.

Sara points to your amber pendant, confirming that you are the one chosen by the ancients to thwart Targrin's plot. Sara mounts Bella and you climb on to Patch's back, preparing for your flight.

If you decide to gallop towards the setting sun, go to 10.

If you choose to leap over the fence at the side of the orchard, go to 35.

Mesmerised by Targrin's eyes, you step towards him. "Where is Peregrine?" you demand.

The sage proudly pulls a small glass vial out of his robe. You are shocked to discover that the winged horse is inside, shrunk to the size of a silver penny.

"I petitioned the wolf rider Ivenna for a pouch of Morphing Dust," he explains. "Now that Peregrine has been taken out of my way, I can take my time smashing the Crystal Carriage."

"You can't destroy it!" you cry. "It's priceless!" Piggo screeches with delight.

"When I grind its quartz into a new headpiece for my divination staff, it will have the intensity of a million crushed diamonds. I will be able to wield a power even stronger than the Drasilmare amber!"

You fix your glare on Targrin, but you also notice a movement at the back of the room. Starchaser is harnessing himself up to the Crystal Carriage!

"Nothing can stop me," grins the sage.

"Now!" you cry, holding the amber up to the light. The golden reflections glance off the Crystal Carriage, freezing Targrin in an aura of light. The vial smashes and Peregrine suddenly fills the room, his wings flapping. You leap on his back and flee.

If you decide to gallop out of the catacombs, go to 15.

If you think it's better to wait for Ivy and Starchaser to catch up, go to 79.

You get up and extend your hand to the Professor. "Thank you for your kindness," you say. "I must press on with my search."

Snowshire takes off his feathered green cap and bows his head. "Where are you heading now? Whitemantle is a dangerous place for a lass on her own."

You mount Starchaser, the silvery stars on his back glinting against the ice and snow.

"Starchaser will keep me safe," you reply confidently. "But we are running out of time. If the snowfields hold no answers, I must ride on until I chance upon Targrin's lair."

"The choice is yours. Good luck, young lady," smiles the Professor, waving.

You press on through the icy heart of Whitemantle mountain, shivering as you travel. The journey is very difficult, but Starchaser marches on, dependable as ever.

Just when you are about to give up on this cold land, you spot a woman on the path. She is an ice dweller, her body wrapped in animal hide and scraps of fleece.

When you talk about the Crystal Carriage, the woman bites her lip.

"Didn't your people make it from solid quartz?" you ask.

"I wouldn't know," she replies, eyeing you suspiciously.

If you decide to press the ice dweller about the quartz, go to 65.

If you feel it's right to show her the amber pendant, go to 78.

Targrin moves away, his eyes brimming with resentment.

"You are of no interest to me," he scoffs. "Soon even your strongest stallions will tremble at my power."

You circle the sage, trying to edge closer to the glass vial.

"Now Peregrine is no longer a concern, I am at liberty to crush the Crystal Carriage into a million pieces. It will make the perfect scry stone for my divination stick, don't you think?"

Targrin lifts up the staff, weighing it in his hands.

You feel the amber pendant beating at your throat, but pull your jacket close so that it stays out of sight. While you keep Targrin talking, you can see Starchaser creeping towards the Crystal Carriage. Ivy stands behind Piggo, her eyes fixed on the evil genie.

When the sage turns his back for an instant, your moment comes. You pull the pendant from your neck and press it to Peregrine's tiny prison. The glass shatters at once – the proud animal pounds into the chamber with a deafening thunder of hooves.

Targrin and Piggo howl in anger, but they are too late. Starchaser has harnessed himself up to the Crystal Carriage and is leading it out of the room.

If you try to make sure Targrin can't follow you, go to 41.

If you choose to escape at once, go to 79.

You tiptoe forward as quietly as you can. Luckily Piggo is distracted. You loom up behind the foul genie and peer over her shoulder. You are horrified by her plaything. Sitting on a shelf above the fire is Peregrine, shrunk down to the size of a china doll!

You are distracted by a white glare from the other side of the room. Standing with his back to you is Targrin, bent over the dazzling quartz of the Crystal Carriage.

“Now that I have used Ivenna’s Morphing Dust to shrink Peregrine,” he shouts over his shoulder.

“I can enjoy crushing this piece of frippery!”

You can hold your tongue no longer.

“Stand back Targrin!” you bellow. “In the name of Sara and the Drasilmare amber!”

You pull the amber locket from your neck and hold it up. The chamber is filled with an unbearably intense golden light.

While the Gemdigger dog snaps at Piggo’s heels, Starchaser flips the vial off the mantelpiece with his muzzle. The vial is caught for a moment in the glare of the amber, before shattering into a thousand pieces.

“Nooo!” thunders Targrin, as Peregrine’s magnificent presence fills the room.

**If you decide to try to capture Targrin,
go to 41.**

**If you decide to get Peregrine to safety,
go to 15.**

Sara's words puzzle you, but somehow you trust her already. Before you lead Patch outside, you give the beloved pony another quick rub-down.

As you and Sara take turns to groom Patch's beautiful coat, you can almost feel the enchantment skipping off her fingers. Each time the golden-haired stranger runs the brush across his back and flanks, the pony's piebald patches transform into midnight pools peppered with silver stars.

"It's time, Starchaser," she murmurs in Patch's ear.

"Why do you call him that?" you ask.

Sara explains that the pony comes from a distant realm – the world of North of North.

"A precious winged horse has been stolen," she frowns. "Now you and Starchaser are the only ones who can save him. He is a famed grey stallion known as Peregrine."

"Where could this horse be?" you wonder.

Sara frowns. "A wicked man called Targrin and his evil genie, Piggo, are behind his disappearance."

You are intrigued to find out more. In haste, you tack up Patch and walk him outside.

In the yard you are greeted by a stunning white mare, her grand tail flicking impatiently.

Sara runs to her side. "I want you to meet Bella."

If you decide to lead Bella out towards the orchard, go to 59.

If you feel that it's wiser to let the mare choose your path, go to 29.

“Anything that you can tell me about the Crystal Carriage might help me second guess Targrin’s plans,” you insist.

“We don’t like strangers here,” the woman says.

Suddenly a big shadow looms up behind you both.

“She’s not a stranger, she’s a friend,” booms Professor Showshire. He winks at you. “Just thought I’d follow from a distance and keep an eye on you.”

“Anyone mentioning Targrin fills my heart with fear,” replies the ice dweller, her face breaking into a relieved smile. “You must be a very brave girl.”

You follow her for some minutes through the cold, before stopping at the edge of a narrow ravine.

“Jump after me,” she instructs, sliding out of sight.

You, Starchaser and the Professor step into the ravine and shoot through a channel of blue ice, spiralling down and down to land on a pile of rugs.

When you stand up, you are dazzled by a brilliant light. It is an underground cavern, lined to the ceiling with sparkling crystal so intense it glows with heat.

“This is my people’s secret quartz mine,” explains the woman. Peregrine’s carriage was made here, the only thing ever carved from the Whitemantle stone.”

“Now I know why Targrin wanted the Crystal Carriage,” you gasp. “Its quartz must be the only gem able to match the power of my amber necklace.”

If you leave the mountain now, go to 36.

If you decide to let Starchaser choose your path, go to 46.

You gently unclasp the amber pendant and feel its warming presence in your palm.

"You are a stone of great power," you mouth silently. "Direct me to Targrin. Please help me find your former keeper."

You clutch the stone in your hand and then gently run it over Starchaser's withers, letting the amber glow flow into his chest and legs. The handsome stallion begins to head north, with Bella trotting majestically at his side.

"Thank you," you whisper, running alongside the horses.

You weave your way across winding streams and lush clover meadows, letting Starchaser and the amber guide you through the evening breeze.

Sara smiles at you, but when you turn back next both she and Bella have disappeared.

You look across to Starchaser and smile bravely. "Guess it's up to us now, friend."

The horse pauses near a large rock, stooping briefly so you can climb into his saddle.

As you ride onwards a magpie flies up besides you, a curious red ruby gleaming in its beak.

**If you decide to keep riding north, go to 9.
If you choose to follow the path of the
magpie, go to 42.**

Your mind is spinning with magic, so you close your eyes to get your bearings. When you open them again, you are ready to take in your new surroundings.

With a bump and a whinny from Patch, you find yourselves in a thick forest, fragrant with the delicate smell of jasmine. Bella and Sara are up ahead of you, picking their way along a leafy path that trails off to the left. When they disappear from sight, you gently encourage Patch to follow deeper into the forest. It is then that you look down and gasp.

Your beloved little pony has somehow changed into a handsome, prancing, black stallion! The sweet curves of Patch's neck and head are still there, but his body is now tall, strong and a shiny midnight black. Your friend snorts proudly, swishing his tail as you weave in and out of the trees. Even his patches have been transformed into silvery clusters of stars!

"Patch?" you ask, shyly. "Is that you?"

Your friend gently bobs his fine head and changes step – a gesture of unswerving friendship.

The leafy path soon twists past a waterfall and Bella appears again. The magnificent creature rears on to her hind legs with Sara on her back.

"I see you have met Starchaser," Sara smiles. "Patch is a horse from North of North. Now he is home, he can assume his true form."

"Where are we?" you ask.

"This is the Jasmine Forest," she replies.

Sara points ahead and you see a quaint manor

house surrounded by large rose-hedged gardens.

"We've reached Roseshire Manor," whispers Sara.
"Home of Lord Beran and Lady Rosebrian."

If you decide to ride deeper into the forest,
go to page 52.

If you suggest asking the Lord and Lady
for help, go to page 83.

You refuse to leave the chamber until all your friends are safe. Once they're all ahead of you, you tear down the shadowy corridors. Even when you reach the surface, the Drasilmare amber is still clutched in your fist.

The ride back to Canter Hollow is a desperate one, but somehow you make it. There are only seconds to spare before the Festival of Lights is due to begin, but your promise is fulfilled.

As you pick your way down the track towards the township, Sara and Bella are there to meet you. There is no need for words at first – you and Sara hold each other tightly in a shared, silent joy. Starchaser bows his head and walks alongside Bella in the last few seconds before midnight.

“It is time for Peregrine to make his epic flight,” says Sara, greeting the winged steed like a long lost friend. “Will you take a seat in the Crystal Carriage? No one has ridden in it since Sigga’s time. It is an honour saved for you alone.”

You are thrilled and awestruck as you climb onto the velvet seat inside the quartz coach. As you look down through the streamers and fireworks cascading over Trails End, you remember the barn dance.

This time, things really did turn out for the best.

YOUR MAGICAL JOURNEY IS OVER.

Sara beckons. You quickly mount Patch and spur him on towards the duck pond, a quiet place behind the paddock.

As you pass the pond, the ripples on the water suddenly calm. You gasp as a series of pictures magically dance across the surface. First you see Peregrine, incarcerated in a gloomy prison. The water mists and then clears, now revealing a cruel-looking man and a curious genie-like figure with a twisted face.

"That's Targrin," explains Sara, putting her finger in the water. The ripples break up the disturbing portrait. "Next to him is his servant, a genie known as Piggo."

Your amber pendant glows the colour of fire at the mere mention of their names.

"Are they the ones that have taken Peregrine?" you ask.

Sara nods and then gazes back into the water. Suddenly a glowing white mare steps out of the pond, prancing with perfect co-ordination towards the golden-haired girl.

"I am a caregiver of horses from North of North," explains Sara. "Meet my companion, Bella."

Bella shakes her mane and then points her fine head towards the barn dance. It seems she is suggesting it as a place to start – you aren't so sure.

If you decide to direct Sara and Bella out towards the orchard, go to 59.

If you agree to follow them towards the party, go to 29.

You ride North through the swirling marshes of the fens, alone but for the wonderful presence of Sara and Bella. The tall mountains line the far horizon, their peaks dusted with snow.

Soon you pass a trickling waterfall where a clutch of Neon Tadpoles are playing. You can't resist stopping for a moment to watch the delightful creatures splashing in the turquoise waters.

"The animals here are so tame!" you marvel.

"Each and every one is your friend," answers Sara. "You will find magical creatures wherever you and Starchaser journey in this vast land."

You pause for one more look at the Neon Tadpoles, then turn to reply.

You are shocked to find that both Sara and Bella have gone, leaving you alone to face your quest! Starchaser whinnies encouragingly, but you feel unsure what to do next. How will you ever find Peregrine in this foreign terrain?

At that moment a stunning magpie flies past carrying a glinting red gem in its beak. Could this be a sign that Targrin is close, or is this simply how birds feather their nests in North of North?

If you decide to spur Starchaser on towards the mountains in the north, go to 25.

If you choose to follow the curious bird, go to 42.

Night is fast approaching, but Starchaser will not settle just yet. You suggest making a camp, but the stallion looks towards the shadows and snorts nervously. You trust the horse well enough to remount him and ride north while there is still some light from the setting sun.

The pair of you ride in silent companionship for many, many hours, often with you resting your head on his thick mane.

When you next look up, the moon is lighting your path and you have journeyed upwards on to a steep mountain pass. All greenery has ebbed away to scrub and rubble and below you can see a thousand tiny lights twinkling in the distance. Could they be homes, animals or stars?

Starchaser gently sinks to his knees, inviting you to step down at last. You find a cave opening etched into the side of one of these great mountains and curl up together.

In the half-light, you think of Sara and then feel your amber begin to glow. You stare into its golden depths and a picture emerges. You see the caperberry hob steal Targrin's amber all those years ago. As you gaze deeper into the golden pool, you see the hob being caught by the sage's evil genie Piggo, before tossing the gem to a young foal. You take a closer look and start – the foal is none other than Starchaser, your loyal friend! The little midnight foal is studded with silver patches that twinkle in the light. You turn to the horse in

astonishment, but the stallion next to you is fast asleep.

Suddenly the amber mists over and then clears, revealing a new scene. This time the young Starchaser is running across the Auroborus, the gem clutched in his teeth. Piggo is scrambling after him, mad with rage. You witness a terrible battle above the stars in the human world, and the amber dropping down and down through the skies. The stone drops in what appears to be a baby's nursery.

You shake Starchaser awake with trembling fingers.

"The baby was me, wasn't it?" you cry. "That's how I got this amber necklace."

Your friend whinnies gently, his body curved round yours. It's then that Sara's voice rings in your ears, explaining how she charged Starchaser to remain on Earth from that day onwards as your secret protector. You feel closer to the loyal horse than ever before.

If you decide to press on with your search, go to 47.

If you choose to speak to the amber and beg for its guidance, go to 28.

You walk down side streets lined with food-sellers, buskers and curiosity shops. "We're here, Starchaser!" you cry a few moments later, stopping outside Canter Hollow's only bookshop. The stallion waits outside as you enter.

As soon as he sees your amber pendant, Iverson P. Opus gives you a hug. He is a small friendly-looking old man with long white whiskers.

"I have read so much about the Drasilmare amber," he gushes. "Please step this way..."

The shopkeeper opens a vaulted door at the back of his shop, leading you into the secret library of Sigga's Castle, a massive chamber lined with books in every size, shape and colour. He takes a ladder and pulls down a history book of the region. The book has been written to help the people of Canter Hollow learn from the mistakes of the past.

"In the past Targrin went into exile when he needed to regroup," reads Iverson. "He will be lurking in the shadows around Trails End."

"Does it say where I should search?" you ask.

Iverson sighs. "You will have to follow your instinct, I'm afraid. No map will guide you."

You thank Iverson and go out to meet Starchaser. To the left you see a tavern door with a caperberry hob painted on the sign. To the right is a poster for the Festival of Lights.

If you decide to head left, go to 51.

If you choose to turn right, go to 22.

“**T**his way!” you whisper, leading Starchaser down the left hand tunnel.

You are terrified to find the corridor is almost entirely black, but you can't go back now. You take a tight hold of the stallion's bridle and step forwards through the shadows. Well water swills around your feet and spider webs cling to your face and clothes.

“Listen!” you whisper a few moments later. You crane your neck and hear the distant sound of barking. “It's the little Gemdigger dog!”

Your heart swells at the thought of finding the magical creature.

You both walk on and on through the dank tunnels, following the Gemdigger's howls. The barks get louder and louder until you reach a vaulted door.

“He's behind here,” you tell Starchaser. “Perhaps it's the bottom of the well?”

You gently turn the handle and push the door.

Instead of a well you find yourself in a dark chamber with a fire blazing at one end. You see the Gemdigger dog immediately. The poor creature is being held in the air by its tail, a plaything for Targrin's genie, Piggo.

If you decide to hide behind the door, go to 43.

If you feel safer pressing yourself to the floor, go to 45.

You pull your legs up and lean forward as Starchaser arcs down through the Sea of Lights. In front of you, Bella gallops gracefully until her hooves touch the ground.

"Is this...North of North?" you ask curiously.

You find yourselves in a bleak marshland, snaked in swirling fog. Starchaser walks to a pool of water, pausing gently to take a drink.

Sara nods. "These are the Mistpiper Fens. They lie to the west of Trails End, where the Festival of Light is due to be held."

You feel hopelessly lost, but urge Starchaser to follow the curves of a crystalline marsh stream. As you walk, Sara tells you more about Targrin's powers.

"The sage became an expert in the art of scrying," explains the goddess. "He used to keep the amber mounted on a divination stick. He would then peer into the enchanted glass and ask it questions. In the wrong hands the amber was able to cause untold harm."

"How lucky it came into my keeping," you say.

Sara smiles. "Thanks indeed. But now Peregrine and his sacred carriage have disappeared, I fear that Targrin will use them to wield a new power."

Just then a magpie flies overhead, a brilliant red ruby glistening in its beak.

If you decide to follow the jewel-carrying bird, go to 86.

If you think it is better to head deeper into the marshland, go to 80.

As you ride into the afternoon sunlight, the amber pendant burns and pulses in your pocket. Bella leads the way out through the paddock.

The glare of the setting sun becomes so bright you are forced to shut your eyes and grip on to Patch's mane. At that moment, the pony's hooves leave the ground, transporting you up into sky!

"What's happening?" you cry.

Sara turns and smiles. "We're wind walking. Bella is going to lead us through the Auroborus – the sea of lights that will take us to North of North."

As clouds give away to the eerie swirl of the cosmos, you agree that it does feel as if you are travelling through an ocean of light. You gallop alongside Sara, marvelling at the brilliant pools gathering and disappearing all around.

"We need your help to find a silver stallion called Peregrine," Sara explains. "The people of Canter Hollow fear that the steed has been trapped by Targrin, a very evil man. He has a genie too, called Piggo, his poisonous slave."

Before you can ask any more, it is time to land. You descend into a forest clearing. Bella and Sara suddenly streak out of sight, leaving you to guide Patch to safety.

If you decide to urge Patch forwards in Bella's wake, go to 67.

If you choose to let Patch rest among the Jasmine flowers in front of you, go to 2.

As you slip your amber pendant out of sight, you feel its gentle glow circling your heart. Something tells you that it is time to move on.

"Would one of you lead us out of the forest?" you ask the soldiers, looking to Sara for her blessing.

Within minutes you have climbed on Starchaser and are following a forest guard mounted on a stunning emerald moss horse. Sara and Bella walk at the rear, each one glowing with a pale sheen that casts milky reflections on to the foliage lining the trail. The three horses tread expertly past waterfalls, mushroom dells and flower bowers.

As you approach the edge of the forest, you catch sight of a magnificent magpie, carrying a glittering ruby in its beak. You wonder if this could be a sign that Targrin is close by and turn back to ask Sara.

To your surprise both she and Bella are no longer walking behind you! It seems that Sara has trusted Peregrine's future into your hands.

The forest guard bids you farewell and wishes you luck with your search.

If you decide to press on north past the setting sun, go to 25.

If you prefer to follow the magpie and its mysterious bounty, go to 42.

The track is stony and the air bites with cold, but you are determined to climb further up Whitemantle Mountain. After several hours the track swings off the cliff edge, tunnelling into the icy rock.

"Dare we follow, Starchaser?" you ask, shivering at the thought.

The beautiful stallion flicks his ears back and sends you an encouraging image of Bella, stampeding boldly through the darkness.

"We must go on, of course," you nod, realising that there is no other option.

It is bitter inside the tunnel, but you don't have to walk for long before a light appears in the distance. The tiny beam seems to jump up and down, not staying still for a second.

"It's coming this way!" you gasp, slipping on to Starchaser's back.

Yap! Yap! Yap!

A tiny dog bounds up to you, its tail glowing in the darkness!

"Nightlight!" booms a loud voice. "What is it?"

A huge man appears in the tunnel, wearing a thick sheepskin coat. When he sees you and Starchaser, he puts his hands on his hips and grins.

"What have we here?" asks the mountain man, twitching his auburn moustache.

You introduce yourself, jumping down to pat the magical dog.

"Meet Nightlight," he says, leaping forward to shake

your hand. "My glowball pooch. I'm Professor Winston Snowshire."

The Professor leads you through a network of trails, back to his secret ice mansion. He explains that he has lived in the Glacier for years.

"People call me the 'ice man'," grins the Professor. "I trade in magical ice. Handy stuff it is, too. Even in summertime, my ice won't melt."

The Professor wraps a fleece round you then sits down to hear your tale.

At the end he thinks hard. "It is said that the Glacier's ice people carved the Crystal Carriage, from a secret quartz mine."

If you decide to ask the Professor to take you to meet the ice people, go to 37.
If you choose to explore the Glacier alone, go to 61.

You unclasp the amber pendant and hold it up so that the woman can see the gem. The stone casts a fountain of golden beams across the ice.

"I am a friend of Sara, goddess of horses," you say. "This amber comes from the Drasilmare Tree. When he held this stone, Targrin used its power for evil. I want to stop him doing the same thing again."

The woman stares into your eyes then bows her head.

"I believe what you say," she replies. She moves her animal hide cloak to one side, revealing a dagger strapped to her body. She solemnly pulls out the blade and turns it so you can see the hilt. An ornate design has been set using diamond-white gemstones.

"This hilt was fashioned out of quartz from my people's mine," she whispers. "It is centuries old."

"Targrin set the amber on a divination stick," you cry. "Does he have the same intention for the Carriage's mystical quartz?"

The woman looks startled. "He must be stopped!"

Just then Starchaser sends you a vision of Peregrine galloping through the darkness.

You nod. "To hide something so brilliant, Targrin must be keeping Peregrine in the dark. We've got to ride on till we find that hiding place."

If you decide to ride Starchaser out towards the north, go to 31.

If you choose to head south, go to 46.

You look up and see the awesome branches of the Drasilmare tree stretching above you. You may have only been back in Trails End for a few minutes, but they've certainly been the most unforgettable of your life.

Your escape from Targrin's lair took every ounce of energy and determination left in your body. Now, as you lean against Starchaser, there is time to reflect on the amazing experiences you have both shared.

There have been many tough times, but many exhilarating ones, too. Nothing for you could beat the joy of gazing up at Peregrine as the silvery stallion blazed across the firmament, his body encrusted with sparkles of frost. The stunning Crystal Carriage filled the land with joy and song, just as it had done every year.

You feel a hand gently touch your shoulder. You turn around and see Sara smiling next to you.

"Happy birthday," you smile.

"Thank you..." Sara says, her face lighting up with pleasure. "Thank you for everything."

You hug in the midnight air.

Sara takes your hand. "It will soon be time to go home. But your deed will never be forgotten."

Starchaser steps forward and nuzzles your side.

"We'll never forget you either," you reply. "Will we, Patch?"

YOUR MAGICAL JOURNEY IS OVER.

You press on through the marshes, wondering how you can find Peregrine in this strange and remote land. As you ride, creatures you have never seen before emerge from their nests to play in the path before you – strange Lotus Hedgehogs, floating Bubble Turtles and Tassel Mice. The stunning monochrome magpie returns, the ruby still gleaming in its beak. You and Sara can't help but smile at the wonderful creatures.

"You have magical friends like this in every corner of North of North," adds Sara, stopping to greet a curious brown Tassel Mouse that has scampered through to heather to say hello. "They will be ready to do what's needed to make your quest easier."

You jump off Starchaser and lead him towards some lush clover sprouting in clumps along the sides of a Fen stream. When you turn back to Sara and Bella, you are surprised to discover that they have disappeared.

Only a whisper from Sara lingers in your ears. "The quest now belongs to you."

If you choose to press on in Sara's wake towards the horizon, go to 9.
If you turn to follow the circling magpie, go to 42.

You lead Patch out of the stable, your tummy fluttering with butterflies. The pony stands obediently so that you can slip on his bridle and adjust his saddle.

"Are you ready, friend?" you whisper, before climbing on. "It's time for an adventure."

By the time that you and Patch trot out of the stable yard, Sara has somehow disappeared. Suddenly a cloud passes over the late afternoon sunshine – when you look again you are amazed to spot Sara riding up in the sky above you. She is mounted on a majestic white mare she calls Bella.

A series of vivid mental pictures rush through your mind as you find yourself galloping in pursuit. By the time you have learnt who Sara is, you are already riding through the sky yourself.

You cling on to Patch's mane, watching breathlessly as the swirling cosmos rushes below you. It is the most magical, spectacular ride of your life.

Finally Patch's hooves touch down in a forest glade. The forest is lush and dark, with an eerie other-worldly beauty. You know instinctively that you have entered North of North. Two clear paths pick their way through the trees.

If you decide to choose the path on the left, go to 67.

If you select the path on the right, go to 2.

While the horses take a well-earned break, you and Sara dismount next to one of the many streams that run through the Fens.

"Look there," whispers Sara, pointing through the swirling mists.

A small fox-like creature scampers up to Bella's feet. It has a stunning full tail and the most eye-catching turquoise fur you have ever seen.

"That's a Marshblix," explains Sara.

Aware of the delicate animal skipping about her feet, Bella gently arches her leg so that the Marshblix can scamper up on to her back. The horse listens patiently to the Marshblix's squeaky chatters, her mane glittering with the dew of a thousand diamonds.

Bella turns to Sara, her eyes wide and solemn.

Sara nods in understanding. "The Marshblix says that you will need to travel far before you track down Targrin."

At that moment a stunning magpie soars by, a bright red gem shining within its beak. You gasp at the sight, but when you look back Sara and Bella have both disappeared. You clasp your pendant and instinctively know that it has to be this way. The quest is yours and yours alone.

If you choose to follow the path of the magpie, go to 42.

If you think it's safer to make camp for the night while you think things over, go to 71.

“I think that we should speak with the Lord and Lady,” you say boldly. “One of their people might know if Targrin has passed through these parts.”

Sara nods in agreement, pleased to see you stepping up to the challenge ahead.

You nervously call up to the entrance hatch of Roseshire Manor. A guard climbs down a rope ladder.

“I am searching for the sage Targrin,” you say, bravely. “Will your Lord and Lady give me an audience?”

When he hears your question, the guard explains that they have already left for the Festival of Lights. It seems that Targrin has not been seen in these parts for many moons.

The doorkeeper points to a tower pushing up through the trees in the distance.

“That is the entrance to Roseshire Manor Air Stables,” he explains. “Flying horses and riders often stop there to take in a few day’s food and shelter. Why don’t you ask the grooms who work there?”

You thank the guard and walk away, considering his suggestion. As you make your way back along the forest path, Sara tells you more about your quest.

“We only have a short time to find Peregrine,” she advises. “North of North is a vast kingdom, so you must choose wisely if he is to be found before it’s too late. The Festival of Lights is due to take place tomorrow evening across the mountains in Trails End. At midnight every year, Peregrine draws

a stunning Crystal Carriage across the sky to commemorate my birthday. People travel from miles around to play their part in this sacred celebration. The winged horse's carriage was hewn from solid quartz many ages ago, under the instruction of Sigga, the Valkyrie protector of North of North. It was to be a carriage for her wedding to Price Archer. Its importance to our people can't be measured."

"What will happen if Targrin is able to keep Peregrine and the carriage hidden?" you ask anxiously.

Sara's voice sinks to a whisper. "That can't happen. The Festival of Lights is more than a celebration, it shows the world that good will always have a place at the heart of Trails End."

You walk in silence for a few minutes, each thinking about the precious missing horse. Before you can question Sara further, you find yourself being distracted by a rustling in the undergrowth.

If you decide to turn back and explore the rustling sound, go to 91.

If you opt to continue to the Roseshire Manor Air Stables, go to 33.

You look Targrin in the eye, challenging him with every ounce of your being.

“I may just be a girl,” you shout, “but I have the Drasilmare amber on my side!”

You unclasp your pendant and swing it above your head. Golden beams stream from the stone, curling and dancing around the grim chamber.

The sage howls, then leaps for the glass vial. Starchaser beats him to it, knocking the old man to the ground. You gasp as the vial tumbles and flips into the air before landing softly in the crest of Starchaser’s mane.

Golden lights circle the glass and there is a blinding flash of stars. Piggo reaches out one last time, but springs back in horror as Peregrine steps into the room. The winged horse is restored to his full grandeur – a stunning silvery grey stallion with diamond wings.

Ivy nuzzles you gently and turns towards the door. It is time to go.

Just before you leave the chamber forever, you see Targrin and Piggo turning on each other, consumed with disappointment and rage.

If you decide to flee this place straight away, go to 15.

If you decide to use the Drasilmare amber to keep Targrin confined for good, go to 41.

You run in circles round the well, desperately searching for an entrance. The Gemdigger dog is barking, calling for you.

You race across the cracked flagstones, pulling up weeds, trying to find a trapdoor or hidden passage.

"The magical creature must have got down there somehow," you sigh, leaning against a broken column. "He would have been hurt if he fell."

The Gemdigger starts barking again, just as loudly as before.

"I can hear him just as clearly here as when I looked down the well," you cry, waving to Starchaser. "I think he's leading us to the entrance!"

You crawl over the ground, following the direction of the animal's bark. You work your way under an archway towards a mass of creepers.

"It's here!" you gasp, sweeping the vines away with your hands. Underneath is the start of a track, hewn out of the earth.

You and Starchaser dash down the track, running blind into the darkness. You feel the Gemdigger dog rush to greet you and water lapping at your feet. You creep forwards, groping in the half-light.

"Good evening, child," a voice rings out.

Targrin has grabbed your wrist. The sage drags you around a bend, straight into his lair.

If you try to reach for the amber, go to 48.
If your first instinct is to flee, go to 54.

“That bird was carrying a ruby!” you cry.
“I think we should follow it.”

As you canter ahead on Starchaser, Sara stays silent – waiting for you to uncover truths for yourself. Your mind is racing with possibilities, certain that you’ve been given a sign. Perhaps Targrin has recruited an army of animals to pluck gems from the homes and palaces of North of North?

Eventually the magpie settles in a small nest tucked in the trunk of an isolated briar. A female mate waits patiently inside. You watch spellbound as the magpie pops the ruby into a hole in the branch above the nest, bathing the tableaux in a beautiful red light.

You hear Sara’s gentle voice behind you. “The magical creatures of North of North are truly full of wonder.”

You at once feel humbled. It’s clear that the magpie wants the ruby for its beauty alone, not as a prize for Targrin or any other flawed soul. You step back from the nest, realising you’ve taken a false turn.

You turn to Sara to find out what should be done next, but she and Bella have disappeared. All that is left is a trail of hoof prints in the ground. Now it’s up to you and Starchaser to bring Peregrine home.

If you decide to search the trail where Bella was last seen, go to 9.

If you decide to take a new direction, go to 25.

You are spellbound by the journey to North of North. You sigh with disappointment when Starchaser finally drops down through the Auroborus and on to solid ground. This pang only lasts a moment however, as you take in the wonder of this strange new land.

"These are the Mistpiper Fens," says Sara.

Something tells you there is nothing to fear in the Fens. The swampland swirls with curling mists and pretty clumps of purple heather. You lead the horses to drink from one of the marshy streams.

"Where will you begin your search?" asks Sara, her almond eyes wide with expectation.

"I have never been here before," you reply nervously. "How can I find Targrin and the genie?"

Sara points to the amber pendant. "Do you know what scrying is?"

You shake your head.

"It is the art of looking into an enchanted glass in order to spy truths that no one else can see. When Targrin held the Drasilmare amber, he was able to wield great power. Now the stone is yours."

Suddenly Sara gets up and walks across to Bella.

"It is time to move on," she says, looking you right in the eye.

If you choose to use the amber to guide you, go to 66.

If you think it's better to head towards the distant mountains, go to 70.

Patch whinnies with pleasure as soon as he spots you and Sara walking towards his stable.

"So here he is," murmurs Sara. "It has been a long time."

The mysterious girl runs to greet the piebald pony, throwing her arms around his neck. Patch bobs his head, rubbing Sara with his muzzle. It's a special greeting that he usually only saves for you.

"Time to get you groomed," you say. "Feet first please."

You gently run your hands down Patch's leg and the pony dutifully lifts up his foot. As you pick the mud out of his hoof, Sara gives his coat a going-over with a dandy brush.

"What good care you take of him," she says as you both work. "I can see that he loves you very much."

As you both tend to the piebald pony, you can't help but notice that Sara has an instinctive connection with him. Could she and Patch have met before?

"Would you like to groom Patch's mane and tail?" you ask.

Sara's face breaks into a beautiful smile. She attentively brushes his tail until it shines. When she moves up to Patch's head, you overhear her whispering 'Starchaser' into his silky black mane.

"Have you met before?" you ask, not wanting to seem rude.

Sara puts down her brush and nods. "Patch is a very old friend."

Your head fills with a thousand questions but you force yourself to hold back. Sara is the nicest person you've met at the centre – you don't want to scare her away.

Suddenly you feel a lovely warm sensation running across your chest. You gasp and put your hand up to your amber locket. The gemstone has started to glow!

If you decide to take the necklace off to look at it, go to 3.

If you choose to try to find out more about Sara first, go to 55.

You reach up to show Iverson your amber pendant, but as you do your eye is caught by a book propped up on a shelf next to your head. "May I take a look?" you ask, pointing to the red leather tome.

Iverson's eyes start to twinkle. "Of course, child."

The book is called 'Caverns and Catacombs of North of North' and you sense at once that it is very ancient. Inside, an intricately sketched series of maps shows an underground kingdom of tunnels and passageways that run through many of the lands.

"If someone gets lost in the tunnels below us," whispers Iverson, "they may never be seen again. The caves that run below North of North are almost too numerous to count."

You carefully close the book and then stare at the old librarian.

"If Targrin is hiding Peregrine and the Crystal Carriage," you murmur, "what could be a better hiding place than underground?"

You close the precious title and slide it back into its row on the bookshelf – there's not a moment to lose.

If you decide to gallop on the main road out of Canter Hollow, go to 36.

If you still think it's better to leave down a back route, go to 4.

You creep into the room.

"Come back!" barks Targrin. There is a crash as Starchaser knocks Piggo to the ground, then turns on her corrupt master. Ivy prances behind, pulling at the sage's robes. A small vial drops to the floor and rolls towards you.

"What's this?" you ask, holding the vial up to the light. "Peregrine!"

You rub your eyes in shock. There inside the tube is a tiny winged horse, frosted with smoky grey.

"I covered the horse with Morphing Dust," Tarquin smirks. "The wolf rider, Ivenna, was glad to give it me. A girl like you won't ever get him back."

While the sage explains his plot to crush the Crystal Carriage into a new scry stone, you secretly reach up for your amber chain.

"I'll have more power than ever before," he laughs, stepping out of Starchaser's reach.

You point to the Crystal Carriage and the stallion instantly understands. While you lift up the amber, Ivy helps him harness himself to the quartz coach.

"I am stronger than you realise," you smile, holding the Drasilmare amber up to Tarquin's face.

There is a flash of gold light and suddenly Peregrine charges into the chamber. He knocks Piggo and Targrin over with one beat of his wings.

**If you choose to mount Peregrine, go to 15.
If your instinct is to run for the door, go to 79.**

It takes all your courage to step forwards and part the undergrowth. Suddenly three green colts appear from the foliage – sleek moss horses, ridden by Jasmine Forest guards. You are led to a knotted tree whose roots form natural seats.

“We come in search of Targrin,” says Sara.

A guard nods his head fast. “Everyone in the forest has heard of that corrupt soul.”

The guards explain that you are very near the Air Stables. Sara asks you to sit with her.

“Targrin wasn’t always this way,” she begins. “He fell in love with a beautiful shepherdess called Petra, but she stole his wealth. The wolf rider, Ivenna, saw his rage as a chance to spread mischief, lending her magic so he could wreak revenge on Petra. Targrin turned her into the twisted genie Piggo.”

“What happened after that?” you ask.

“Targrin launched himself on an unquenchable search for gems and treasure. During this time he stole a chunk of ancient gold resin from the bark of a sacred tree known as Drasilmare. When he looked through the amber resin, Targrin was able to discover how to build his power up to terrible proportions.”

“But the stone is now in my keeping!” you cry.

Sara nods. “You must be the first to use the gem for goodness.”

**If you decide to get on your way, go to 76.
If you choose to stay near the Air Stables
with Sara, go to 12.**

Your heart leaps at the thought of an unexpected ride on Patch. You agree at once.

"If you don't mind feeding the ponies," you say, "I'll get Patch saddled up."

You march as far as the tack room and then stop, rocked by a sudden change of heart. Volunteering at the animal rescue centre was your choice – you can't ask Sara to help you rush through the ponies' bedtime routine just so you can go out for an evening ride.

You head back to Patch's stable and explain.

Sara is gracious in her understanding that you should finish your own work. She gently tickles Patch's soft muzzle, then steps towards the door. Just as she is leaving she looks up at the sunset and sighs.

"These aren't the only horses that want your help," says Sara. "I know of another in desperate need."

You ask Sara to explain, goosebumps suddenly rising all over your arms and neck.

"My tale sounds strange," she begins, "but every word of it is true."

Sara describes a land far away, where a beautiful winged stallion is in desperate peril.

"But horses can't fly!" you argue. "That sort of stuff only happens in storybooks."

It may only be a flicker, but you are sure that Sara and Patch share a look of deep understanding.

"The horse is known as Peregrine," continues Sara. "Only the wearer of the amber pendant shall release him."

You catch your breath, instinctively reaching to your throat. The precious amber necklace is there as always, tucked under your T-shirt – how can she have known?

“I have the pendant,” you reply. The moment you decide to help, the necklace begins to glow.

Sara asks you to hold the jewel up to the light. As the setting sun passes through the stone the beams illuminate Patch’s coat, making it glisten in shades of silver and black.

You hear a sleepy whinny in the yard. You poke your head out and gasp. All the chores on your list have been completed. It seems that you are destined to help this mysterious stranger after all.

If you decide to follow Sara towards the duck pond behind the paddock, go to 69.
If you choose to mount Patch now and ride towards the sunset, go to 20.

Bella Sara™

Peregrine and the Crystal Carriage by Mandy Archer



Journey into the magical land of North of North and join the horses and their friends in these exciting adventures. Be the hero in your own story, by deciding what happens next at every twist and turn along the way...

Peregrine, a mighty winged stallion, has been captured by the evil Targrin and his genie servant, Piggo. Can you rescue Peregrine and the legendary Crystal Carriage before it's too late?

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